

Thomas Fox

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

NEW SERIES.

THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION AND REPRODUCING ILLUSTRATIONS IS RESERVED.

No. 478.—VOL. IV.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864.

PRICE 3D.—STAMPED, 4D.

## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE most important news of the day is, of course, the temporary cessation of hostilities between the Danes on one side and the Prussians and Austrians on the other—the most interesting news being that on the very day on which the month's truce was agreed to the Danes gave their opponents a severe thrashing at sea. The Danes have thus struck the last blow, and it certainly seems to have been a hard one. It is possible that the German Powers may wish to return it as soon as the truce has expired. It is possible, also, that the novelty of victory, and the certainty that if any further attack is made upon Denmark it must be made by sea, may raise the Danish spirit to such a pitch that no proposition made by the representatives of Germany will be for a moment listened to by the representative of Denmark. Hitherto, it cannot, certainly, be maintained that the Conference has been unsuccessful, for the neutral Powers have gained their first point; and it was not to be expected, as Earl Russell has well observed, that it would be able in fourteen days to solve a difficulty which has troubled Europe for fourteen years. Nevertheless, it would be gratifying to have some cause for believing that there was already some agreement in principle between the conflicting parties. The Germans and their friends, and even those friends of the Danes who call upon them with such earnestness to take care lest their persistence in sticking to national life should ultimately lead to a general war, seem all convinced that the only question for Denmark to determine is, how she will take her dismemberment? She has now a month to think about it, and at the expiration of that time she will be requested to explain

in what manner she would like the operation to be performed. But, in any case, she must lose Schleswig and Holstein. That seems to have been already decided, not only by Prussia, Austria, and the German Confederation, but also by those

doubt, state positively that she will not give it up at all; and if she is destined to lose it, it will be better for her by far to part with it under protest, and thus, at least, avoid the disgrace of consenting to be despoiled. Like the turkeys in a celebrated political caricature, she will declare, when asked with what sauce she would like to be eaten, that she has no wish to be eaten at all. And it is to be feared that, like the cooks in the same caricature, the Powers in whose hands her fate now lies will tell her that, in making such a reply, she goes away from the question. "Vous sortez de la question."

Now, we do not say that England ought to go to war on behalf of Denmark without troubling herself as to what France means to do. But it certainly seems unfair that we should pester Denmark with our advice if we are absolutely resolved not to lend her assistance. Above all, we ought not to offer her such counsel as it would be neither honourable nor advantageous for her to adopt, simply because it suits us to prevent, by no matter what means, the continuance of a war in which, sooner or later, we might find ourselves involved. Hints are constantly being given to the Danes that, if they will not agree to such terms as their enemies are now prepared to offer them, they may, in the end, find themselves in a worse position. This was the argument addressed to the Poles at the first partition of their country, and its acceptance by their feeble King only prepared the way for a repetition of the argument when



"THE FIRST LIE."—(FROM THE PICTURE BY JORDAN.)

friends of Denmark before alluded to, who prefer peace, based on no matter what injustice, to the chances of a general war.

We suppose, however, that Denmark will take an entirely different view of the matter. As to Schleswig, she will, no

the second partition was pressed upon him. Poland was taken in three bites, and doubtless more than one bite will be made at Denmark. The Danes will make a great mistake if they do not resist the first to the very utmost of their power.

Parliament is now constantly occupied with questions of foreign policy, and very few matters of domestic interest have been discussed at all this Session. The question of Sunday drinking was, however, brought up the other night, and of course gave rise to an angry debate (as these foolish little questions generally do), at the end of which it was contemptuously dismissed. The promoters of the bill for closing taverns from Saturday night until Monday morning (with the exception of two separate hours for the sale of dinner beer and supper beer) were called "canton hypocrites" by Mr. Roebuck, who, if his performances of late years had been sufficiently important, might often have been taunted with something worse than inconsistency himself. It might, for instance, have been considered inconsistent that Roebuck the Radical should praise the institutions of Austria. The ground on which the bill against Sabbath drinking was thrown out was simply that the convenience of the temperate ought not to be sacrificed to the interest of the intemperate, and that working men ought not to be legislated for as though they were drunkards as a class.

A gentleman blessed with a name which might suit, if not Mr. Dickens himself, at least one of his numerous imitators, has just taken the trouble to revive the bad reputation which county magistrates had so long enjoyed, but which of late years had almost deserted them. The Rev. "Uriah Tonkin," accused by some wicked Radical prints of having sentenced seven gipsies to twenty-one days' imprisonment for having "slept under tents," has written to the *Times* to contradict this shocking calumny, and to explain that the offence of the poor wanderers consisted not only in having slept under tents, but also in "having no visible means of subsistence, and not giving a good account of themselves." Is not this a shameful admission on the part of the Reverend Uriah? The Reverend Uriah Tonkin has evidently some visible means of subsistence or he would not be allowed to administer injustice in the county to which he belongs. But what account can he give of himself? He is not as these seven gipsies are, no doubt; but does he only content himself with not breaking the law (this, however, being a point that has yet to be settled), or does he really imaginethat he performs his duty as a clergyman and as a magistrate, and that by his recent decision he brings neither the Church nor the existing system of county magistracy into discredit? The wisest thing the Reverend Uriah's fellow magistrates throughout England can do with him is to throw him over and make a sacrifice of him. They should treat him as a sort of baneful and therefore striking exception, proving the excellence of the general rule. Otherwise it may be thought that there are many other Uriah Tonkins among our amateur rural magistrates, so often called upon to appear as judges in their own suits. We do not say that the Rev. Uriah had any personal pique against the gipsies, though we know that the gipsy race inspires strong antipathies as well as strong sympathies; and it is just possible that as it has found a Borrow for its defender, so it may have met with a Tonkin for its persecutor. But the punishment he inflicts upon a few gipsy vagrants, accused of no sort of positive offence, is neither reasonable nor humane, and we should be glad to find that it is also not legal. The case of Uriah Tonkin is an admirable one for the Radicals to get hold of; but the Tories, also, ought not to lose sight of it. It was highly important at one time to have a body of magistrates in every county entirely independent of the Crown. That necessity, solely of a political nature, has now, in a great measure, ceased to exist; and the appearance of a Uriah Tonkin from time to time among the landed proprietors intrusted with magisterial functions leads to inquiries as to whether such functions ought to be intrusted at all to persons who may or may not be fitted for their discharge.

#### THE FIRST LIE.

THERE is something very terrible in the subject of Mr. Jordan's picture, from which our Engraving is taken. That simple cottage has been invaded by a foe which the honest-faced old fisherman has good reason to dread. Sitting there by the Dutch-tiled chimney, placidly mending his nets, he has scarcely counted upon this little blow at his heart, and it has come upon him with a no less distressing force because he scarcely sees how to meet it. The lie of a little child is so difficult to deal with, for it may come from a mere play of the imagination, and so, properly considered, be no lie at all, only such a fanciful invention as little ones indulge in even at their play. It may have grown out of fear, from a sense of probable punishment, and in such a case harshness will only make falsehood reasonable by proving that, although it has failed, it was politic in intention. It may even be the result of love, of repentance, and the pain of having done that which will grieve a loving friend. Better that he should never know I did it, thinks the chubby little sinner in the quaint cap and the square-toed shoes, imitating her first parent, who hid himself in the garden. It is only her first lie, you see, and upon some little childish matter—no greater matter, perhaps, than the eating of a forbidden apple, and yet it has left a taint upon her as she stands there, her baby face uplifted by the kind hand, unable to return that wistful gaze of pain and rebuke, to reply to that accusing finger. Like the rest of us, from Adam downward, she is, for the moment, fuller of resentment than her lie should have been found out than of repentance for wrongdoing. Soon, however, all will be well again, for there is pity and pardon in that stern, solemn face; but it will be long before she feels that confidence is restored between them. The accusing glance will haunt her for a little while like an ugly dream. She will think of it vaguely and with less and less distinctness when her great, strong, loving friend is out at sea for eels and codfish—think of it when she is blowing the charcoal in the brazier, and, looking up, sees the great clasped book upon the chimney-piece along with the three dishes of coloured delf; but she will remember it with a tender regard for the loving patience which rebuked her more in sorrow than in anger, with a reverence—to last all her life long—for the broad, rugged face and the clear open eyes of him to whom a lie had come to represent the depth of baseness and cowardice. It may be that all pictures are painted with a moral; and it is quite certain that all those which are founded upon a simple story of human interest possess one. Even the tendency to make light of the petty deceptions of childhood as matters of little moment fails in intention before that serious, sorrowful face of the old fisherman, who sees, and sees rightly, a dark and unathomable danger in the first lie.

#### Foreign Intelligence.

##### FRANCE.

The Danish naval victory has given much satisfaction in Paris, which shows that in France, as well as in England, popular sympathy is with the Danes and against the Germans.

The Due de Persigny has been making one of the oldest of speeches at an agricultural exhibition in the department of the Loire. He sustains the theory that all political enlightenment is found in the rural districts, and that only folly, ignorance, and passion reign in towns; and, most marvellous of examples, he takes England as his principal illustration of this amazing proposition. England has grown great, he contends, in spite of her manufacturing towns, and by means of the political enlightenment and wisdom of her rural population.

Official despatches from Algiers to the 6th inst. confirm the success obtained by General Martineau, and state that it produced unlooked-for results. The losses of the enemy were enormous.

##### AUSTRIA.

Post-Captain Tegetthof, who commanded the Austrian squadron, has been appointed Vice-Admiral by the Emperor, in recognition of his brave exploit of Heligoland.

Twenty-three millions of the new loan have been taken by the Anglo-Austrian bank, Messrs. Baring Brothers, Wodianer and Sina, at 77 10. A second offer for ten millions, at 78, made by the Crédit Anstalt, was declined.

##### TURKEY.

Advices from Constantinople to the 28th ult. announce that 60,000 Russians are said to have encamped at the mouth of the Danube, and that another body of 20,000 men was expected to follow. Austria has stationed a force of 25,000 men on the Servian frontier. The Porte has resolved that the army in Roumelia should be increased to 150,000 men. A Special Commission has left Constantinople to superintend the completion of the armaments of the fortresses on the Black Sea and Dardanelles.

##### TUNIS.

Advices from Tunis state that the French, English, and Italian squadrons have arrived there. They have detached ships to guard the coast. Tunis was quiet. The tribes were becoming satisfied with the concessions they have obtained, and were beginning to give in their submission.

The Bey had withdrawn the Constitution. The rebels insist upon the Ministers being brought to justice, and that guarantees be given to them against retribution. The Arab Bey elected by the rebels was at Testour, twenty miles from Tunis, with an army estimated at 10,000 men.

##### INDIA.

The Indian Budget exhibits a very favourable state of the finances and prospects of the country; but the proposed advance in the tariff valuations of cotton piece goods, &c., is strongly condemned by the Bombay press. The successful completion of the Persian Gulf telegraph was the cause of much satisfaction. There had been a very large increase in the quantity of land under cotton cultivation. Among other items of news we learn that Bala Rao, brother of the infamous Nana Sahib, is dead; that the Bheels are very troublesome in Indore; that on the Peshawar frontier the hill tribes are said to be intriguing and plotting; and that an American missionary has been murdered in the Punjab.

##### THE WAR IN DENMARK.

The active operations of the war have been brought to a close by a naval victory on the part of Denmark. On the 9th inst., a severe engagement took place off Heligoland, between five German and three Danish ships, which ended in one of the German frigates being set on fire, and the others taking refuge in English waters at Heligoland. The vessels engaged were:—Austrian—the Schwarzenberg, 50 guns, and the Radetzky, 39 guns; Prussian—the Adler, 26 guns, and two gun-boats, 3 guns each: total, 121 guns. On the side of the Danes—the Niels Juul, 42 guns; the Heimdal, 16 guns; and the Dagmar, 16 guns: total, 74 guns. The Schwarzenberg, was the ship set on fire. She had 100 men killed and wounded, and not only lost her foremast and bowsprit, but sustained other serious damages. On board the Radetzky 25 men were killed and wounded. The Prussian ships did not sustain much injury, but the whole loss of the squadron is said to be 170. The Danes had 53 men wounded and only one killed. They retired to the northward.

Two of the Danish Ministers (those of Justice and the Interior) have resigned, being dissatisfied with the suspension of the blockade. The whole extent of extortion practised upon unfortunate Denmark has not hitherto been made known. It now appears that Marshal Wrangel has imposed an additional requisition for five and two-thirds millions of rigsdalers upon landed property; and, adding insult to injury, the Germans have compelled the inhabitants in the neighbourhood of Fredericia to assist in demolishing the fortifications of that place.

##### THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

DETAILED accounts of the defeat of Banks on the Red River show that the disaster was much more serious than was at first believed. General Banks skirmished heavily with the Confederates upon the 7th ult. A portion of Banks's army fought a severe battle on the 8th, at Sabine Cross-roads, with the whole of the Confederate army, under Kirby Smith, resulting in a Federal defeat with heavy loss—twenty-four Federal guns being left upon the field. General Banks retreated on the night of the 8th, joining the remainder of his army at Pleasant Hill. The Confederates renewed the attack on the 9th upon the whole of Banks's army at Pleasant Hill, but were repulsed with the loss of several guns, which they had previously taken from the Federals. Banks continued his retreat on the 10th, thirty-five miles to Natchitoches, Grand Ecore, where he was reorganising his army and fortifying the banks of the river. Admiral Porter reports that, besides 3500 killed and wounded, the Federals lost in the battles in Louisiana 4000 prisoners, thirty cannon, a great number of small arms, their train, and 1,000,000 dollars in greenbacks. The Federal ironclad Eastport, the most valuable in Porter's fleet, grounded, and was also lost. A letter from New Orleans, written by an Englishman, says that Banks "attacked Kirby Smith with an army of 30,000 men, the latter only having 20,000. He has lost 9000 men, all his artillery (thirty-six pieces), ammunition, and baggage, and was obliged to retreat demoralised, although the Government organs of this city have given an account of a flaming victory, when it is quite the reverse. I conversed with a Yankee soldier who was present at the 'three-day fight,' as they call it. He says they had a fair fight in the open, that the rebels went at it with the fury of an avalanche which nothing could withstand, and the Union troops skedaddled tenfold faster than at Bull Run. He says their cavalry, which was 9000 strong, could not now form an efficient brigade." Fears were entertained for the safety of a column under General Steele, which was advancing to join General Banks, and which may have been fallen upon and destroyed by the victorious Confederates.

Official accounts, both Confederate and Federal, announce that General Wessells, commanding at Plymouth, North Carolina, surrendered to the Confederates, under General Hoke, on the 20th. Besides Plymouth, the four surrounding forts—Wessells, Williams, Comfort, and Gray—together with 2500 prisoners and thirty cannon, fell into the hands of the Confederates. An immediate attack upon Newbern and Washington, North Carolina, both by land and water, was apprehended. A Confederate ram had played a prominent part in the attack on Plymouth, and, by destroying the Federal gun-boats, had given the Southerners the command of the Roanoke river below Plymouth.

No movement by the armies on the Rapidan is yet reported. Burnside, with 40,000 troops, was believed to have joined Grant. Lee was also reported to be heavily reinforced. Longstreet was said to have taken up a position on the left of Lee's army.

Late Richmond journals confirm the completion of a formidable

iron-clad navy, and declare that the Confederates are fully prepared at all points, both on land and water, for the approaching campaign.

The House of Representatives at Washington had passed a resolution increasing import duties 50 per cent for sixty days. Gold was at \$1 1/2 prem. on the 28th ult. at New York.

President Lincoln had accepted an offer of the Governors of Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Iowa to furnish 100,000 volunteers for a hundred days for fortification and frontier duty.

Two French frigates had been ordered to return from the James River without having obtained the tobacco which they had been sent to receive.

Governor Seymour had appealed to the capitalists of New York to preserve the credit of the State by providing for the payment in coin of the interest on the State debt, which the Legislature had decided to pay in greenbacks.

Lieutenant Danenhower (not Donashon) had been acquitted of the murder of Mr. Gray, of the British ship Saxon.

##### DEBATE ON THE FRENCH BUDGET.

The French Corps Législatif is now engaged in a debate on the Budget. It was commenced by a brilliant speech from M. Thiers, who held the Chamber for three hours under the spell of his oratory. In the course of the speech, M. Thiers rubbed much of the surface gold-leaf off the Imperial gingerbread. He dealt by-blows in a variety of other directions—such as the present revival, by Prussians towards Jutland, of the first Napoleon's stoutest practice in wholesale pillage of the non-combatant population, while he recalled the memory of the subsidies from England which alone enabled Berlin and Vienna to keep the field against the French empire. He claimed credit for the French Republic of 1848 in avoiding recourse to greenbacks, the very lowest depth in financial debasement; traced step by step the faults as well as felicities of M. Fould, the enormous proportions which public expenditure has reached under sundry subterfuges or disengagements, and dissected in detail the various items of this prodigality. The Home Office in his day used to draw for thirty millions, it now costs near sixty. The Foreign Service from eight has grown to thirteen millions. The police system, which worked well at the rate of one million, calls now for seven millions and a half to do its business. The wind-up of a brilliant discourse, after a retrospect of past greatness and intellectual development which had, under so many different forms of government, witnessed political life in France, was in these admirable epigrammatic words:—"Liberty does not deserve all the evil said of it; and even if it did, there is one reflection which you have doubtless made—if liberty has all the demerits laid to its charge, *there is no denying the great cost of finding a substitute for it*."

Several minor speakers afterwards addressed the Chamber, and on Tuesday M. Berryer spoke, and attacked some of the members who had censured the Parliamentary system. He declared that revolution never cost the nation so dearly as the omnipotence of a single man, and that the Restoration had at least the merit of relieving the country of the latter system. This remark brought an interruption from M. Roubier, who said that the Restoration was the work of the foreigner, and fell under the contempt of the nation. M. Berryer passed on to condemn the Mexican expedition, and to complain of the heavy expenditure. He demanded a policy of peace, and contended that the effective home force ought to be reduced. Peace, retrenchment of military expenditure, and ordered finances he declared absolutely necessary to the well-being and the progress of the nation.

M. Roubier replied on the part of the Government, pointing out differences between M. M. Thiers and Berryer, and claiming credit for the vast improvements which had been made in the country at the suggestion of the Emperor, who, he maintained, had made France at once great, prosperous, and respected, and was therefore entitled to her warmest gratitude.

##### THE CIRCASSIAN EXODUS.

OFFICIAL information has been received at Constantinople of the capitulation of Vardar to the Russians, the last stronghold of the Circassians, and of the consequent submission of all the tribes. Already the outflowing tide of emigrants is so great as to place the Turkish Government in the greatest embarrassment. Twenty-seven thousand of these unfortunate creatures, in the most utter destitution, have poured into Trebizond. The privations of the voyage in a most inclement season have produced disease of the very worst kind among them, which is not only committing fearful ravages in their own famished ranks, but is extending to the local population. Typhus and smallpox are raging at Trebizond, and the place is threatened with a famine. The Turkish Government is willing and anxious to receive the fugitives, and incorporate them into their own population; but the movement has been so sudden and so extensive that it has been impossible to make provision for the hosts that are daily pouring in. It is calculated that no less than 300,000 will within the next two or three months seek shelter in Turkey, and half that number are now seeking the means of transporting themselves to the Turkish coast of the Black Sea. Unfortunately, it is found most difficult to obtain transports for this purpose. The Turkish Government has offered every pecuniary inducement for obtaining it without avail. It is now their intention to disarm some of their men-of-war and employ them for this service; but even this resource will not be sufficient to meet the difficulty. Some idea may be formed of the mortality raging among them when it is known that out of 600 Circassians who took passage in a steam-transport, after a voyage of three or four days, 370 only arrived at their destination. The accounts that are received of the helpless and destitute state of these unhappy beings surpass in misery and horror anything recorded in connection with suffering humanity. Women in childbirth, exposed to the inclemencies of a Black Sea journey, without assistance or the bare necessities of life, enveloping their new born in corner of their own ragged garment—sturdy warriors who had achieved many a gallant deed lying prostrate in the agonies of a horrible death—decks swarming with the dead and dying. These are things now of everyday occurrence on the waters of the Euxine. The Sultan's Ministers have contributed to the limit of their means. The Sultan himself has given as much as £50,000 from his privy purse. The Government have estimated that an outlay of more than one million sterling will have to be voted by the State in order to provide for the permanent establishment of the emigrants.

The Circassians represent that the Russian rule in the Caucasus is of a nature which cannot be endured. It is generally believed that the Russians have been anxious to drive them out of the country, and to colonise the territory with the Cossack element.

THE ITALIAN IRONCLAD RE GALANTUOMO arrived at Naples on the 4th. Her crew were in excellent health; vast crowds assembled to see her, and greeted her with loud cheers. Many were admitted to visit her.

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.—Drogheda, Ireland, May 9.—During a heavy gale of wind this morning the schooner Maria, bound from Cardiff to Letterkenny with coals, carried away all her head sails and went ashore on the North Bull, Drogheda Bar. The life-boat of the National Institution stationed at this port was at once launched to her assistance. There was a very heavy sea on the bar, but the life-boat was fortunately the means of rescuing the shipwrecked crew of three men, who were afterwards brought safely ashore. The vessel has since become a total wreck. This valuable life-boat has been instrumental during the past two years in rescuing the crews of the following wrecked vessels:—Brig Minerva, of Workington, 4; schooner Mary Anne, 5; schooner Gipsy, of Drogheda, 4; and schooner Mira, 3. Total lives saved, 16.

THE DEPARTURE OF GARIBALDI.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer received a deputation from the Garibaldi Working Men's Committee, on Tuesday, and entered fully into a discussion of the discrepancies that appeared between his version of what passed between Garibaldi and him, as he gave to the House of Commons, and as Mr. Shaen declared it at the Primrose-hill meeting on Saturday. Mr. Shaen said that the authority for his statement was Mr. Cowen, of Newcastle, who told him he had it from Garibaldi himself. Mr. Gladstone denied in the most emphatic manner that he had used any language to Garibaldi that could by possibility be construed into a meaning that the Government wished Garibaldi to leave for political or for any reasons. The right hon. gentleman and the deputation parted with mutual expressions of courtesy.

THE FUNERAL OF M. MEYERBEER.—The funeral procession to convey the body of Meyerbeer to the Northern Railway terminus at Paris took place on the 6th, agreeably to arrangement. The hearse, which was richly decorated, was drawn by six horses. The cords of the pall were held by M. Aubert, Director of the Conservatoire; Marshal Vaillant, Minister of the Emperor's Household; and the Count de Goltz, the Prussian Ambassador. The chief mourner was M. Jules Beer, nephew of the deceased. Deputations from the Institute, the Conservatoire, the Opera, the Opéra Comique, the Committee of Dramatic Authors and Composers, and the Association of Musical and Dramatic Artists, followed in the cortège. Military honours were rendered by four companies of the National Guard. The procession was closed by fourteen mourning-coaches. The funeral of M. Meyerbeer took place on Monday in Berlin with great pomp. The coffin, while lying in the room appropriated for it, was covered with flowers and crowns of immortelles, some having been sent by the Queen and Princess Frederic Charles. The house of the deceased was crowded by great personages, who came to pay the last honours to the illustrious composer. There were also present a number of notabilities of the artistic and scientific world, and delegations from the different corporate bodies and municipal authorities. The singers of the opera opened the ceremony by a funeral chant composed by the deceased. The Rabbi Jael, of Breslau, delivered a funeral oration. The hearse, ornamented with palms, and preceded by a band of choristers, proceeded to the Jewish cemetery, where the ceremony terminated. The cortège was followed by several Court carriages, and the streets which it passed were crowded. Madame Meyerbeer has left Paris for Germany. Just before her departure she received a letter of condolence from the Princess Royal of Prussia.

## ILLUSTRATED TIMES

## FINE ARTS.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

## SECOND NOTICE.

OUR last week's survey pretty nearly exhausted the catalogue of the east room. We now quit it, casting a wondering look behind at Mr. Pickersgill's "Othello"—a picture so extraordinarily bad that it is difficult to understand how it could ever have been painted, even by an Academician, always excepting Mr. Hart, whose "Benvenuto Cellini" is, if possible, beneath his usual level. It is an open question whether the Academy cannot claim some of the best pictures in the exhibition as the work of its members. It is beyond dispute that they have contributed the worst.

In the Middle Room Mr. Leighton's "Orpheus and Eurydice" (217) claims the foremost mention. The composition of this picture is splendid, and the drawing of Eurydice's figure—especially of the arm thrown round the poet's neck—is admirable; while the colouring is as pure and brilliant as one might expect of such a master. Orpheus has almost reached the upper air—the daylight already touches the gloomy entrance to Hades, when Eurydice, forgetful or careless of the prohibition of Dis, flings her white arms round her husband's neck and gazes into his face. In vain poor Orpheus, who knows that to look is to lose, strives to avert his glance. At the touch of those fingers his resolution melts; and you see that, though he turns away his head, his eyes will presently bend upon the face for which they have so hungered.

We observe that some lines of Mr. Browning's attached to this picture in the catalogue have been made to look as much like prose, as such poetry could be made to look, by a matter-of-fact printer. We venture to restore the right reading:—

But give them me—the mouth, the eyes, the brow!  
Let them once more absorb me. One look now  
Will lap me round for ever—not to pass  
Out of its light, though darkness lie beyond!  
Hold me but safe again within the boud  
Of one immortal look! All woe, that was,  
Forgotten; and all terror, that may be,  
Defied!  
No past is mine—no future :—look at me!

How the soft white shoulder dimples under the repelling hand—how tenderly the right arm draws the beloved towards her! How exquisite the colour of the fair hair and its encircling net—how beautiful the drawing of the face! We feel that he must yield—that, if he did not, by yielding, lose such love, he would never have deserved to win it.

Mr. Leighton's third picture, "Golden Hours" (293), is distinguished by the same poetical feeling and artistic excellence. A young man—a painter, perhaps—lets his fingers stray over the keys of a harpsichord, while his young bride, leaning on the instrument in front of him, looks into his refined, dreamy—but not effeminate—face, and listens. Seldom have we seen a more deliciously truthful little bit of painting than the ear—the delicate shell-like ear—and graceful neck of the female figure. A well-rendered gold background throws the figures into relief, although the girl's head would stand out better were the shade deeper behind it.

The "Burial of Hampden" (204) is a subject which presents difficulties which not even Mr. Calderon can entirely overcome. The interest, instead of falling on a central figure, rests upon a bier; and, although in the faces of the mourners there is scope for varied expression, of which this artist knows so well how to avail himself, the unity of the picture is to a degree lost. But these are the faults of the subject. Its treatment is masterly. Under a calm evening sky, but just deserted by the sun, who leaves remembrances of his glory behind him, on the faces of the spectators and on the diamond panes of the church, the grim soldiers march slowly up to the sacred lane, bearing the great patriot's ashes to their repose. And as they march they sing a solemn psalm. Into the faces of these grave men Mr. Calderon has infused great character, and he has successfully grappled with a difficulty which artists can appreciate—that of painting men singing; not standing simply with their mouths open. The feeling and tone of the picture are in excellent keeping.

Mr. Calderon's other subject is more pleasing—a couple of olive-skinned peasant girls chatting "in the cloisters of Arles" (264). Here his mastery of colour has fairer play in the bright, picturesque dresses. A lustrous pure black in these is deserving of very high praise. The drawing of the figures is excellent, the pose easy and natural, and the faces are admirably painted—the transparency of their rich complexions especially.

"Leisure Hours" (289) is perhaps the best of Mr. Millais's pictures this year. It is vividly real, and full of fine colour, while in finish it is positively a marvel—for evidence of patient work look at the screen in the background. The children's faces are the least satisfactory portion of the picture, being brown in the shadows, while the pink upon the cheeks reminds us less of mother Nature's tinting than of Midme. Rachel's. A similar carelessness in this point is observable in all Mr. Millais's child-faces—notably in No. 135. The rich hue and texture of the velvet dresses are most happily rendered.

In No. 337—the landing of Princess Alexandra at Gravesend—Mr. H. O'Neil had very much to contend with. Some half score of young ladies in white dresses and scarlet cloaks would be enough to puzzle any painter; but Mr. O'Neil has done his best with them, and no man can do more than that. The likenesses, moreover, are good, that of the Prince of Wales especially, which is more than can be said for the portraits of him by Messrs. Jensen and Dowling. We hardly like to find fault with a picture the subject of which presents such inherent difficulties, or we should be inclined to call the arrangement and sentiment of the young ladies strewing flowers a little too theatrical, or to hint that the forests of hats to the left and right of the picture, however gratifying to Messrs. Lincoln and Bennett, are not agreeable to the eye.

"The Song of the Nubian Slave" (294), Mr. Goodall's diploma picture, is a really fine painting, good in composition and rich in colour. The head of the slave is excellent, the position of the listening woman nearest to him easy and graceful, and the warmth and sunlight skilfully diffused. The only thing we have the slightest doubt about is the strong yellow reflected light on the Nubian's green robe, but we consent to take it on trust from so conscientious a painter as Mr. Goodall.

Mr. Cooke's diploma picture (223)—"Scheyeling's Pincks" running to anchor off Yarmouth—is not one of his happiest, for the sea is questionable in colour and form. The unwieldy, broad-bowed boats are well put in, however.

"Treading the Corn" (216) by Mr. Webb is not favourably hung for inspection, but it is still possible to see there is much merit in it, although a very bright red cow somewhat taxes our belief as to its correctness of colour. Mr. Webb's other picture, "The Lost Sheep" (312) is better placed, and deserves its position, for it is painted in a rich key, and is full of light. The shepherd's robe is very fine in tone, and the sunny glow caught on it, and repeated among the spiky heads of teazle in the foreground is remarkably real. A little of this lucidity of tone is the one thing wanting in Mr. Faed's "Baith Faither and Mither" (316). The drawing is capital, the composition good, and the sentiment perfect; but a sameness of brown hue throughout takes something from the value of the picture. "A mitherless bairn" (ah, that was a picture!) is being prepared for school by her father, the cobbler, while some of her companions wait for her. The position of the little thing is charming, the solemn attention of the cobbler very true, and the various attitudes of the waiting children are excellent. There is a dog in this picture, by-the-way, of which Sir Edwin would have no need to be ashamed. "Milk for the Schooner" (322) is a capital specimen of Mr. Hook's style, correct in the drawing of the figures, clear in atmosphere, and unsurpassable in the painting of the sea. The truthfulness of the slope of shore down to the tumbling tide, the honesty with which the distance is rendered, the air of the picture never sacrificed by scumming, the drawing of the boats, the homely reality of the sailors and the children cannot be praised too much. For the colour and motion of the sea no terms of admiration can be strong enough; it is actual sea that we are looking at.

Mr. W. Melby is an artist equally successful with his sea, under a different aspect. Although very badly hung, his two marine

pictures (267, 291) will be sure to attract the attention of anyone who can appreciate the painting of water. We would here point out for notice a little view "On the Cornish Coast" (201), by Mr. Barrow, which, though a little killed by some bright pictures near it, is a marvel of truth to nature. The glassy spread of a quiet wave over a level shore has seldom been better painted.

Miss M. E. Edwards's scene from "As You Like It" (206) possesses merit, but it is a little too flat. The figure of Orlando, however, is nice. A little picture by Mr. Cockburn, "Daddy's Coming" (221), should not be overlooked. It has a carefully studied bit of evening sky and well painted accessories, and the child's figure is pretty. "Finding the Text" (233), by Mr. J. Morgan, will reward inspection too. There is great character in the heads.

Mr. Simon Solomon's "Descon" (273) shows a still further advance in this young artist's style. There is earnestness and care in the painting of the face and the treatment of the rich robe. But what purpose had Mr. Cope in painting No. 335? It is not worthy to be the first attempt of an amateur. Mr. Marks's "Doctors Differ" (326) is not in his happiest vein, though the faces of the physicians are cleverly given. Not far from this is a picture by Mr. G. B. O'Neill (328), noticeable for a good old man's head. The action, too, is humorous.

"Ex Voto" (230), by M. Legros, has some good heads in it too, but is muddy in tone as a whole. Mr. Pott's "Ivanhoe" (228) must be excluding better pictures. Mr. Richmond's "Comus" (300) cannot be excluding worse ones. It is founded on the worst style of the old masters—hard in colour and queer in drawing—although the principal figure is borrowed from the "Bacchus and Ariadne" in the National Gallery. Was Mr. Richmond so pleased with the sprawling figure in the centre that he felt it necessary to repeat it again a little further back? While referring to borrowed figures, we may as well assure the artist of No. 243 that his wholesale appropriation of fairies from the illustrated edition of Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Midsummer Eve" has not escaped notice. Mr. Fatten's "Youthful Apollo" (332), is a fitting companion for Mr. Richmond's "Comus." It is simple waste of pigment and canvas.

"Lighting the Beacon, on the Coast of Cornwall" (320) does not lift Mr. Poole above the "ruck" of R.A.'s, which is saying quite enough. Let him ask Mr. Hook if he ever saw such a sea as that on the Cornish coast. It looks as if it had been painted from the Thames below bridge. Mr. Webster's "Battle of Waterloo" (249)—a number of children looking at a peepshow—is not the best picture of his that we have seen, although it possesses (it could not fail to do so) some very good points.

A picture full of humour, and deserving of a careful inspection for its spirit as well as its execution, is Mr. C. Hunt's "Banquet Scene in Macbeth," as performed by boys. The absorbed prompter, the whitened ghost, the improperly giddy guests, the conscience-stricken King, and the majestic Lady Macbeth, whose skirt is not quite adequate to the concealment of his corduroys, are full of fun; and, for a bit of good painting, please to observe the goblet of water spilt on the well-scrubbed boards.

Mr. Poynter's "Guard in the Time of the Pharaohs" (277) bears evidence of careful research, is correctly and spiritedly drawn, and exceedingly well coloured. The background is as meritorious as the principal figure.

In this room is a capital head of "Lord Dalhousie" (237), boldly and effectively painted by Mr. Phillip. A picture of "Captains Speke and Grant" (324), by Mr. W. H. Phillips, is rather remarkable for its subject than for any particular qualities in its execution.

Mr. Sant has two pleasing portraits in this room. "Lady Gladys Herbert" (222), a pretty girl, with a very sweet expression about her speaking eyes, is nursing a queer little Chinese dog brought from the Chinese Emperor's Summer Palace. "Lord Raglan's Son" (279) makes a very charming picture in a suit of blue velvet, capitally painted. "The Studio" (317) by Mr. J. E. Williams is unsatisfactory.

We must postpone our notice of the animal and landscape paintings in this room until next week.

## MR. GEORGE THOMAS'S PICTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S MARRIAGE.

Mr. George H. Thomas, who has long been known to the artistic world as a draughtsman and painter of considerable ability, has been engaged for some time past on a picture of the marriage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. This work, which is now being exhibited at the German Gallery, New Bond-street, has been commissioned by Messrs. Day and Son with a view to reproduction by chromolithography, and, though not quite completed in all its details, is sufficiently advanced to enable us to form a fair estimate of its merit.

There are few subjects more trying to an artist, and demanding more varied and opposite qualifications, than the representation of such a scene as Mr. Thomas has here depicted. The difficulty of selecting a view which will combine agreeable composition with a faithful adherence to fact is very great, and this difficulty is enhanced by the necessity for placing all the figures in such positions as will enable the spectator to recognise the portraits—portraits of personages too important to be sacrificed to the general effect. These conditions have been complied with in a most satisfactory manner in this picture; and some idea may be formed of the labour involved in such a work when it is stated, that there are no less than ninety-three portraits grouped within the limits of the canvas.

Too much praise can hardly be given to the dexterous manner in which the artist has massed his tints, harmoniously blending them into bouquets of exquisite delicacy of colour, leading the eye by skilfully concealed artifices to important points in the picture, and by a judicious scale of tone preserving brilliancy without sacrificing general truth or breadth of chiaroscuro. There is a refinement in all Mr. Thomas's figures which those familiar with his works will recognise as one of his characteristics. It is especially and happily visible in this picture, where the subjects for his pencil are taken from a class to which nobility and elegance should belong as a right.

If the facts, unfortunately, do not always bear out this theory, we can scarcely blame an artist for occasionally supplying some of the little oversights of Nature. In criticising a work of such wealth of detail, our space will not permit us to individualise the numerous happily caught likenesses, and we must be content to remark that the artist has preserved a most pleasing purity of tone in his various modulations of colour, and that while adhering to the particular truth he has never lost sight of the general effect. The attitudes are graceful as well as natural, and the difficulties arising from the uniform direction of the countenances and the lack of incident to afford variety of pose or expression are triumphed over in a manner very creditable to the artist. We would direct attention especially to the charming passage of tenderly interspersed light and demim-tint, melting into subdued and relieving masses of deep tone, with which Mr. Thomas has handled the principal group, and the clever adaptation of existing circumstances by which the eye is led to dwell on the Royal pew, where is seated her Majesty, alone, but not isolated; apart, but yet intimately connected in thought and in reality with the principal actors in this imposing ceremony.

The successful manner in which the artist has contrived to give light to the stained window without obtruding it deserves high commendation. When a work, as in this case, is confessedly unfinished, it would be hypercritical to point out shortcomings; and so we will only express a hope that by its completion the rather stalwart and gigantic bodies of the two yeomen of the guard near the door on the right of the picture may be reduced to more reasonable dimensions.

We congratulate Mr. Thomas on achieving a success which he has certainly merited by patient labour and thoroughly artistic feeling.

A series of six drawings, illustrating the well-known song "The Old English Gentleman," by the facile pencil of Mr. John Gilbert, is now being exhibited at Messrs. Agnew and Son's rooms, in Waterloo-place. They afford a fair exemplification of all Mr. Gilbert's charms and peculiarities of style, possessing the exuberance of design in grouping and harmonious arrangement of light and shade, together with the somewhat sketchy and blotched colour and mannered forms, with which we are all familiar. In the second of the series

evidences the happy power which long practice has given the artist of portraying life and motion with a few bold sweeps of the brush. The ball scene, too, in its pleasing management of masses and skillfully painted background, proves with what consummate ease this master fills his canvas. We must object to the too frequent use of a disagreeable chrome yellow which starts crudely into notice in all these pictures, and, while fault-finding, cannot avoid remarking that the head of the old man in the deathbed scene is disproportionately large when compared with those of the other figures. Altogether, the series is very interesting, not only for the merits of its component parts, but as indicating the prolific facility of this clever artist. We understand that the series has been brought together from collections in Liverpool, Manchester, and London by the admirers of Mr. Gilbert's genius.

We may add that Mr. Millais's "First Sermon" is to be seen in the same room as Mr. Gilbert's sketches, and visitors to the Academy will do well to pay it a visit and compare it with the "Second Sermon." Our verdict goes in favour of the latter.

We have only space to assure our readers, with regard to the Scandinavian Gallery "in aid of the widows and orphans of the Danish soldiers fallen in the war," that a visit to No. 7, Haymarket will enable them to indulge their love of good art as well as their sympathy for the oppressed. We hope next week to notice the collection more at length.

## THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

THE interest with which intelligence from Poland was lately received has been for a time transferred to the struggles of Denmark, and such reports as now find their way from the insurgents about Cracow and Warsaw contain but few details. Indeed, although the struggle continues, but few changes can be recorded in the conditions of the unequal warfare. Wonderful to say, the Poles are not conquered; and every fresh effort of their despotic rulers to trample out the national life is answered with some defiant action in which the small bands of patriots win costly victories against increasing odds.

Even the protest of the Pope, who, in his allocution, has accused the Emperor of Russia of having driven his subjects into insurrection and of endeavouring to extirpate the Roman Catholic religion by transporting whole populations into frozen countries, even this late thunder from the Papal chair has made little or no difference in the state of things in Poland. The conviction of His Holiness that he must "protest, in order to satisfy his conscience," comes too late, and the conditions of government in the Papal States are too susceptible of counter-charges to make the thunder capable of affecting anything but small beer. It is true that the Emperor of Russia is, or affects to be, huffed at the protest, and that, in reply to the questions of the Northern representative, Cardinal Antonelli defends the right of his master to speak his mind; but, meanwhile, deportation goes on, and those who do not die on the road find themselves hurried to Siberia.

Of 160 insurgents recently transported from Wilna only forty-one arrived at Perin, on the Siberian frontier. The rest died during the journey; and at that very time fresh bodies of patriots, insufficiently armed, were gathering in Lithuania, while 500 infantry and forty cavalry crossed from eastern Prussia into the kingdom near Kochlau to fight a sanguinary battle with the Russian forces at Lapinozka.

It would be absurd to say that the overwhelming force of Russia has not told fearfully on the revolutionary bands. In fact, "the fair land of Poland" is a desert, her people in exile, in prison, or in the grave; yet the flame still flickers—nay, burns sufficiently to give great trouble to the two Russian commanders, who have been disappointed of the aid of the peasantry in the districts where the insurrection is still in force, and who have, fortunately for the Poles, begun to quarrel with one another. In the districts round Radom and Lublin strong forces of well-armed insurgents are still to the fore, in one part protected by hills, in the other sheltered by forests, both of which are fatal to the advance of the Russian regulars. Here the movement may be kept up for months. Austria is still considered by the Poles a more dangerous, because more concealed, enemy than even Russia. In proof of this, see the following extract from the official journal of Warsaw for April 25, 1864:—"The Austrian authorities have brought to Sandomir ten bandits—i.e., Polish insurgents—and delivered them over to our military authorities for trial and execution."

Amongst the records of punishment by death lately is that of Lieutenant Blezynski, of the Regiment of Finland, who had been allowed leave of absence, had acted as aide-de-camp to the insurgent Polish General Wysocki, and had, moreover, occupied the post of revolutionary commissioner of the district of Ratzkow. He was tried by court-martial on these charges, found guilty, sentenced to death, and executed.

The insurgent bands under Bossak are still successful, and have lately been engaged in two battles with the Russian troops. We have already given some account of the formation of the force under this patriotic leader, and our Engraving this week represents an incident which occurred during the early part of their campaign, when a detachment of the little army of volunteers, in passing the chateau of a noble Polish lady, on their route to the pine forest where they were to join the main body, received from her hands a flag, which has since been in the brunt of battle. The whole family took part in this ceremony, which, simple as it would seem, attains a solemn significance from the danger to which everybody concerned in it was exposed.

## THE CONFERENCE.

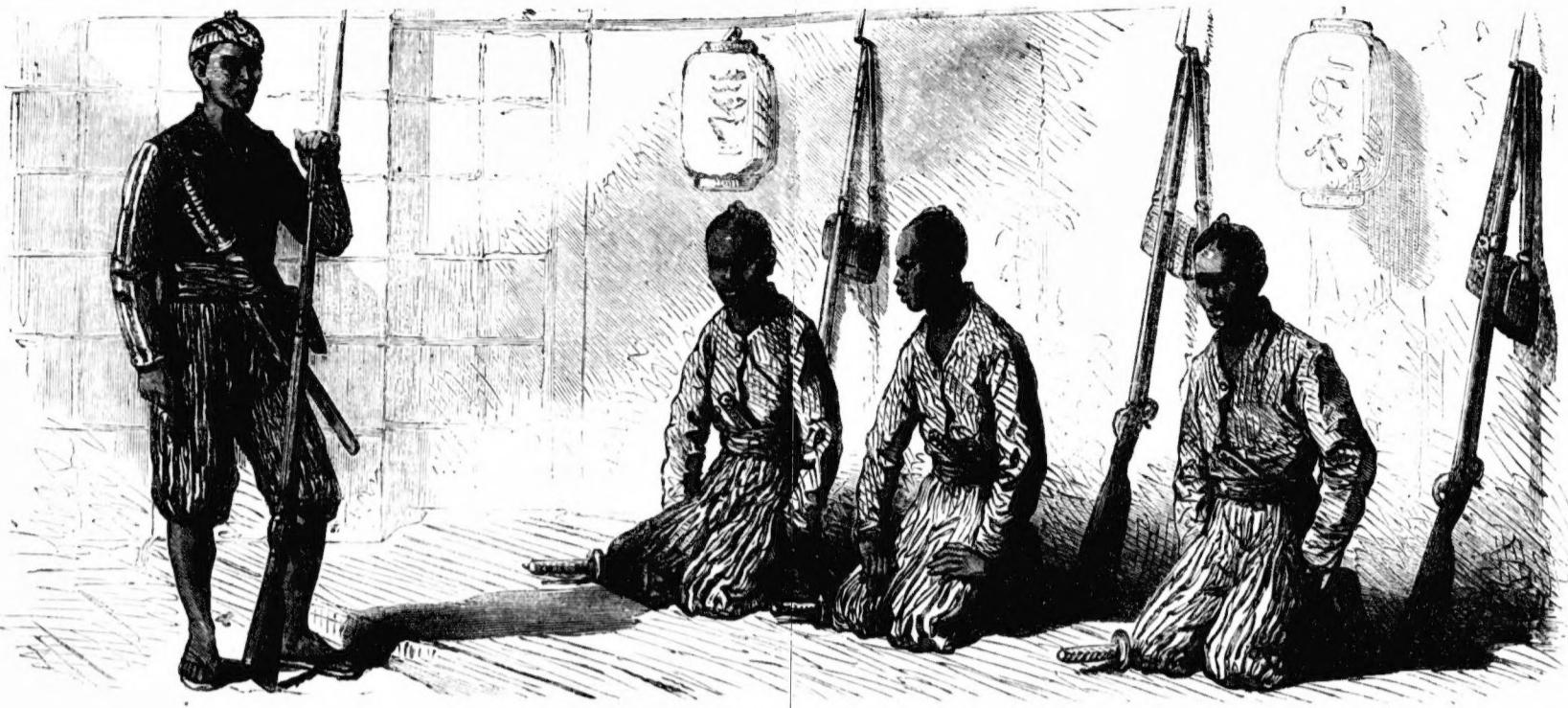
THE Conference on the affairs of Denmark reassembled on Monday for the fourth time.

The first business brought forward was the reply of the Danish Government on the subject of the armistice. The discussion lasted more than three hours. The allies were willing to agree to an armistice on the conditions of the evacuation of Jutland by the Germans and of Alsen by the Danes, with the addition of the suspension of the blockade by the latter. Ultimately it was resolved that hostilities should be suspended for the space of one month, to commence on the 12th inst. The suspension is to be observed on the principle of the *uti possidetis*, at least so far as land operations are concerned; but the blockade now enforced by the Danes is to be raised, and the same Power is to abstain from any new naval captures. On the other hand, it was understood that the Germans would desist from levying further war contributions; would release those persons who have already been taken as hostages; and would impose no further interference on the ordinary civil administration.

The Conference again assembled on Thursday, when all the members were present.

A deputation delegated by the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, who arrived in London on the 25th ult. for the purpose of presenting to the Conference certain resolutions on the Dano-German question, addressed a letter to Earl Russell on the 30th stating the object of the resolutions and requesting an interview. Earl Russell, in his reply, dated the 3rd inst., declined receiving the deputation. Baron von Beust, representative of the Germanic Diet, was then solicited by the deputation to lay before the Conference the resolutions referred to; and his Excellency consented to receive them. Earl Russell, it may be stated, requested Herr Reincke, on the part of the deputation, to forward any communication they desired to make, on the understanding that it would be for his personal consideration only. The object of the resolutions, which the deputation alleged to represent to a very large extent the feeling of the Schleswig-Holstein population, was to protest against any arrangement being made by the European Powers affecting the right of the duchies without the opportunity being afforded them of establishing the claims based upon the ancient rights and privileges of the country. In replying to Earl Russell, Herr Reincke respectfully declined to forward to his Lordship any information on the subject of the resolutions for his "personal consideration" only.

On another page we publish an Engraving showing the members of the Conference engaged in deliberations in the room appropriated to their use at the official residence of the Premier in Whitehall.



A JAPANESE MILITARY POST.

**JAPANESE****SOLDIERS ON GUARD.**

We have already given some account of the manners and customs of various classes of the inhabitants of Jeddo and other parts of Japan, amongst which were included some illustrations of officers and soldiers in the army. Our Engraving this week represents a Japanese military post, with the sentries on guard in that position which seems habitual to them, as well as to the Hindoo and the Chinese. In a country where all persons of high rank wear two swords, it might be thought that the soldier could be little distinguished, and yet the Japanese army is subject to a complicated organisation which effectually prevents any fusion of the military with the civil function. It is in the army, too, though mostly amongst the officers, that the "Hari-Kari," or Happy Dispatch, is more frequently observed, since dismissal or degradation of any sort is held to be sufficient reason for the self-disembowelling of a military commander.

The common soldiers of the Japanese army are dressed in the very simplest adaptation of the ordinary attire of the

country—a sort of loose jacket and trousers reaching to the knee and confined with a scarf, in which they carry their sword and the fan which supplies the place of a hat. They are well acquainted with ordinary military evolutions; and, as may be seen from our Engraving, which was taken at a guardhouse in Jeddo, have adopted some of the European weapons and accoutrements.

**THE FRENCH COLONY OF SENEGAL.**

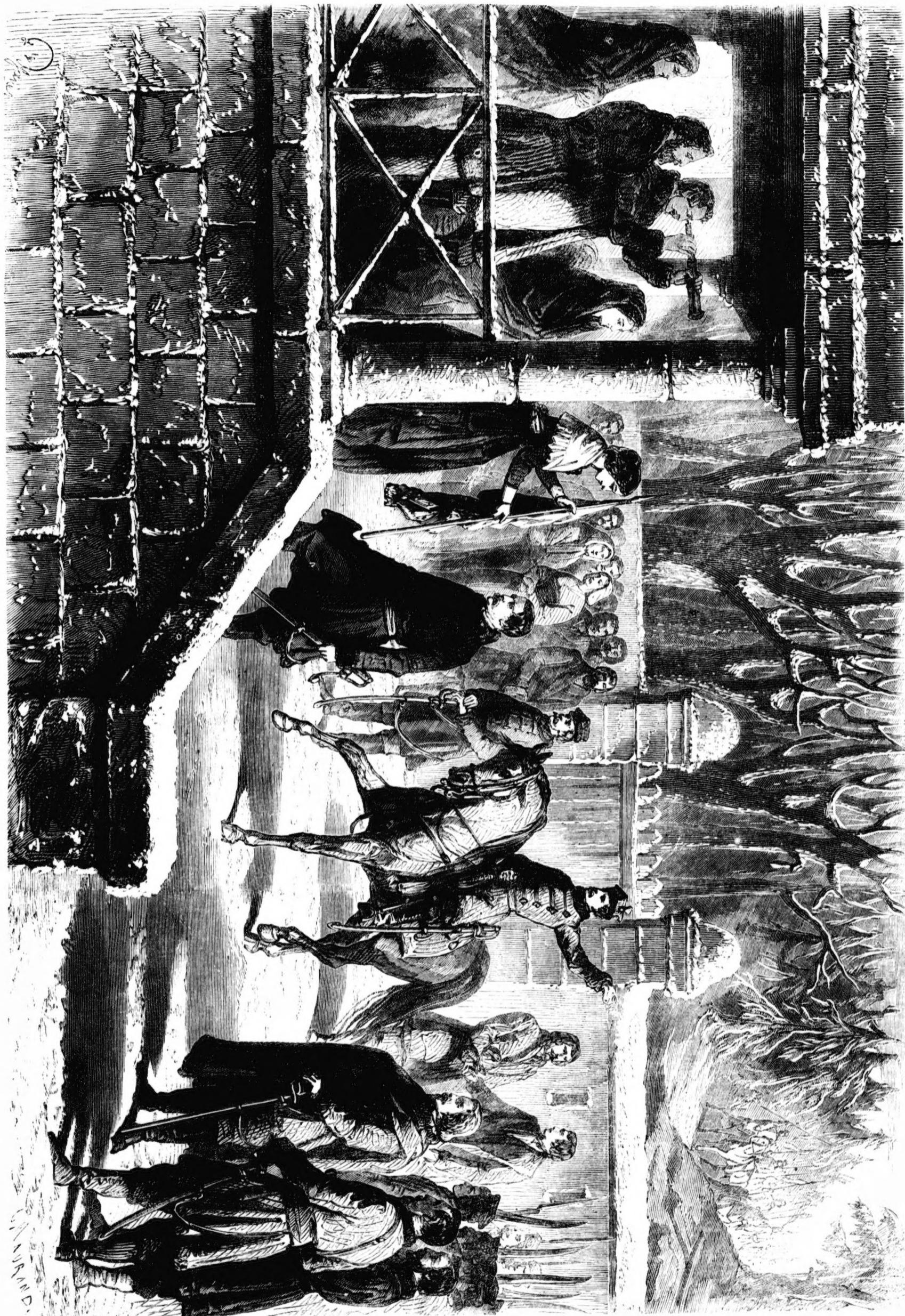
SENEGAL, of which we have lately heard interesting particulars from the travellers who have made Western Africa the scene of their explorations, is a colony named after the well-known river, and, indeed, consists of the islands, including St. Louis, which have been formed near the mouth of the stream, the tract of land along its banks, the island of Goree near Cape Verde, and a large tract of territory stretching along the coast, from Cape Blanco to the Gambia. Of these Goree, which is formed by a bare, precipitous mass of black basalt, is the sole entrepôt for the French trade with the interior.



NEGRESSES GRINDING RICE.



NEGROES OF THE COAST OF SENEGAL.



PRESENTATION OF A FLAG TO A COMPANY OF POLISH INSURGENTS.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. GARAVILI)—SEE PAGE 307.

Senegal, which had several times changed hands, was finally assigned to the French in 1817, and the principal city, St. Louis, which is built on a small island, in a naturally fortified position, is a thriving place of about 12,000 inhabitants, with public buildings which would bear comparison with those of many of the towns of Europe. There are eight *postes* or military stations on the Senegal, to the more distant of which the mails are carried in the dry season by natives overland. These remote stations are mere blockhouses, situated in the midst of hordes of savages. Near the sea the country is parched and barren, and is frequently occupied by the tents which are the only dwelling of the Moors of the Sahara, and are formed of an outer covering of untanned hide and an inner lining of dyed sheepskin, under which the family and the horse dwell together, and around which the one-humped, greyish-brown camels are tethered.

"The Moors," says Mr. Winwood Reade, "have Caucasian features, of which the complexion is tawny and sometimes of a dirty white, putty colour. They are remarkably hardy, and can pass days without eating or drinking. On such occasions they wear, like the red Indians, a hunger-belt, which they gradually tighten. Unequalled in their power of abstinence, they also stand supreme in voracity. An hour after a Moor has eaten his fill he can dispatch a second meal, as if he had fasted for a month."

The Senegal, in fact, forms a border between two nations which are as distinct as if they were separated by a sea; and the Moors are forever descending upon the effeminate negroes, as the Picts scoured the Britons in ancient days. From them they obtain their slaves, and by them they are cordially detested. The *Wollof* proverb (says Mr. Reade) is *Berkilé emboul gorr*—there is nothing good under a tent; *loull narror your betchié bounton ba*—unless it is the horse which is at the door.

The Moors come down to the Senegal in the dry season to trade, but as soon as the inundations commence both Moors and ostriches take refuge in the desert, where in wells called *matamors* they bury their corn, lining the bottom and sides of the granary with straw, and covering it with straw above. The wares which they bring to the Senegal consist of gold, trinkets, daggers, hand-worked carpets, and gum, which is gathered from the acacias by the negro slaves and sent in bags to the nearest station. The region of Senegambia, between the Senegal and the Casamance, is the land of the negro Mohammedans, and is inhabited by three great nations—the Wolof, the Mandingo, and the Fulah.

The first of these lies between the Senegal and the Gambia, near the coast, and its people are fine specimens of the true African negro, being very tall, and frequently of robust appearance, with thick lips, flat nose, short, crisp hair, and intensely black complexions. They make good soldiers, but are averse to work, drunkards, and incorrigible thieves and beggars. The Mandingoes are roving traders, continually travelling from place to place, even as far as Mecca and Timbuctoo, and their territory changes every year. They are strict Mohammedans, and are comparatively liberal and enlightened. Their Constitution is generally feudal, or rather patriarchal, each village being governed by its alkadi, and every village has two common fields of corn and rice, under the control of the alkadi, who appoints men to till the former and women the latter, and divides the crops among them. The travelling merchants pack their wares on donkeys, with which they set out, resting in the heat of the day, and frequently travelling by night. When they come to a large town they establish an impromptu shop under some large shady tree, and remain there two or three days. In this way Manchester cloth and Venice beads are carried into regions of Africa which may not be visited by white men for years to come.

The Fouta Full, or Fallatah, are a great pastoral and warlike nation which has extended its conquests to the Niger. Their origin is unknown; but they are herdsmen, hunters, warriors, and agriculturists; their colour, like that of the Mandingoes, is tawny red, which grows blacker the nearer they dwell to the sea. Like the negroes, they are Mohammedans, and are most of them excellent Arabic scholars. They scrupulously observe the Rhamadan and other fasts and festivals; and with them, as throughout Mohammedan Africa, the marabouts, or priests, are also merchants and physicians, and are of great importance. Of the people of Senegal proper, the French have formed a colony of manufacturers, who work in gold and silver, and even with their primitive tools are very skilful jewellers. Amongst these people, who profess Mohammedanism, the domestic relations, and especially the marriage tie, are more strictly observed than amongst the negroes; and the Mandingoes especially hold the selling of their children into slavery in great abhorrence.

The costumes of the people of Goree, represented in our Engraving, are examples of the mode in the country of the Senegal. The women wear long cotton drawers fastened round the waist, over which they wear an ample robe (*vou bon*), consisting of a sort of long, sleeveless shirt, capable of admirable draping. This *vou bon* forms pretty well the sole garment of the boys, children until they are seven years old wearing no clothing whatever, but dividing their time (in Goree at least) between rolling in the dust and bathing in the sea. The men wear several garments, nearly the same in appearance as those of the women, and differing only in number, since they will often wear two or three *vou bons*, and a square scarf, or shawl, over all. Sandals are worn instead of shoes; and they carry, suspended by a cord round their necks, a little leather bag containing amulets, which consist of scraps of writing or verses from the Koran, which are sold by the marabouts. Their arms consist of a long sabre, suspended from the shoulder, and a heavy gun. All the domestic work is performed by the women, and amongst their hardest labour is the preparation of the grain for making *couscous*, the ordinary farinaceous porridge which is the common food of the country.

During the rainy season the country on the banks of the Senegal and the Gambia is inundated to such an extent that the water frequently reaches to the tops of the tall acacia-trees, many of which are thirty feet high. During this season the wild animals are forced to seek safety in the higher lands; and in Senegambia the lion approaches human habitations, while the ostrich retreats to the desert. Mr. Reade was informed that, on one occasion during the rainy season, a party of white men came in a boat to an island, probably formed by the top of a hill, on which there were lying huddled together two lions, a leopard, some monkeys and hyenas, two antelopes, and a wild boar. All of these were killed without difficulty—none of them took to the water. The leopard only made an effort to escape by running up a tree.

It may readily be understood that farinaceous food is the principal nutriment of the people, and indeed vegetation is so varied and spontaneous that in many places even the culinary utensils—such as bowls, spoons, and bottles—are formed of the gourds which grow upon the trees, and require but little alteration to adapt them to these purposes. In some districts ground-nuts form a large proportion of the food, and are eaten both roasted and made into a kind of coarse porridge, seasoned with milk and honey. Millet and rice, however, are the food most commonly prepared in the household, and a great part of each day is occupied in grinding these in a rude sort of mortar, both for making cakes and the everlasting *couscous*, or porridge.

A DISPUTE BETWEEN THE MASTERS AND WORKMEN in the building trades at Plymouth, which threatened to have serious consequences, has been arranged to the satisfaction of the men, who have obtained a slight advance of wages.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND FESTIVAL.—There will be a great display of vocal and instrumental talent, for the banquet on behalf of the above-named fund, which is to take place in Freemasons' Hall next Saturday, the 21st inst. Mr. Benedictus will officiate gratuitously as conductor, and contributes also five guineas to the fund. The following artists have also promised their valuable co-operation:—Madame Parepa, Madame Weiss, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Miss Poole, Miss Barrow, and Miss Encquist, the fair-famed Swedish vocalist; Mr. Sims Reeves, who will sing "The death of Nelson"; Herr Reichardt, the German tenor; Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. T. Young, and Mr. Weiss. Madame Arabella Goddard will perform pianoforte solo on one of Broadwood's grand pianofortes (kindly lent for the occasion), and Herr Lauterbach, the celebrated violinist, Chapelmaster to the King of Saxony, will play a solo. Mr. Gye, of the Royal Italian Opera, although unable to afford the aid of his company, has given a donation of ten guineas; and Mr. Costa has contributed five guineas to the Press Fund. Lord Houghton, the president, will take the chair.

## INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 235.

### A PROPHETIC.

In the year 1857, or it might be 1858, two strangers were standing in the lobby of the House of Commons. One was the late Mr. Coppock, the notable, shrewd, clever Whig agent; who the other was is no matter. It was a field-night, and members were waiting about the door of the house, when this short conversation occurred between Coppock and the other stranger:—"Who on earth, Coppock, is that tall, gawky, ungainly man, with his hands in his pockets, leaning against the door?" "That," replied Mr. C., "is Lord Cavendish, eldest son of the Earl of Burlington, and heir to the dukedom of Devonshire." "Well, he seems to be an idle, empty-headed youth by his appearance." "Don't say empty-headed, my friend, for you can know nothing about the contents of his head. Appearances are, however, I will allow, against him; but I know more about him than you do, and I will venture to say that there is good solid stuff in that young man, and that he will, before long, get into office; and, though he may not shine brilliantly—I don't think he will ever do that—he will justify his appointment, and prove a hardworking, painstaking, efficient administrator." "You surprise me," was the reply, and the two walked away. In 1863 the noble Lord, who, by the elevation of his father to the dukedom of Devonshire had become Marquis of Hartington, became Under-Secretary for War; and we then thought of Coppock's prophecy. The general opinion was certainly against the angury. Indeed, there was, when the appointment was announced, a general feeling that it was too bad of Lord Palmerston to foist this young nobleman, so utterly inexperienced as he then was, upon the House of Commons as representative of so important a department of the State as the War Office. And there was a good deal of shoulder-shrugging, and wagging of heads, and winking of eyes—which, being interpreted, meant, "Another gross Whig job! If this young man had not been a great Whig Duke's son, do you think Palmerston would have put him into such an office as this?" And, no doubt, there was a show of reason in this dissatisfaction, for what did men know of the Marquis of Hartington? Once, and once only, as far as we remember, he had spoken in the house; but he did not by any means shine brilliantly on that occasion. It was when he moved a vote of want of confidence in the Derby Government in 1859. Except on this occasion, his Lordship had never shown himself in the house other than as an easy-going young gentleman—a sort of Parliamentary lounging, one of that class who place Parliament upon a level with Tattersall's, and the Opera, and Newmarket, or hardly so high, thinking it a dreadful bore when they are obliged by the exigencies of their party to sacrifice a pleasure to come down to the house. It was not surprising, therefore, that his Lordship was not rated very highly in the House of Commons, and that his appointment excited surprise and dissatisfaction. But, all these appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, Coppock was right and the public were wrong. The Marquis of Hartington is not an effective speaker, and never can become what is called a power in the house. He is ungainly in manner; his tone is drawing; he is not ready of speech. But when he got into office he evidently buckled to with a will, and must have worked hard and steadily; and it is further clear that, though he may not be gifted with brilliant talents, he must be a man of considerable intelligence, or he could not so soon have mastered his subject and got himself so ready to meet assailants at all points as we have seen him. In short, as the prophet said, there is good stuff in the man.

### FULFILLED.

We say that the Marquis of Hartington has proved all that we have said of him; and this, after the ordeal that he passed through last week, nobody will be disposed to deny. It was Thursday night—the Army Estimates were on—and for six hours by the clock his Lordship stood alone against all comers. Usually, when an Under-Secretary has the charge of getting the estimates of his department through the House he has the help of the noble Premier, or, failing him, some other Cabinet Minister. But on this occasion Lord Hartington stood alone. Lord Palmerston was confined at home by the gout, and all the other members of the Cabinet flitted away as soon as Mr. Speaker quitted the chair, and left the inexperienced Under-Secretary, in his first field, to receive all the attacks of his foes on his own shield and spear. This was too bad; and if the chivalrous Premier could have known in what circumstances his protégé was placed he would have been inclined, we suspect, in defiance of all his doctors, to order a hansom and rush to the noble Lord's assistance. But the less help the more honour. The noble Lord had no help, and all the honour was his own; and, truth to say, he really did his work well—met his foes one after another manfully—and, in the end, carried some eight votes safely off the field without loss, having been engaged six hours without interruption, and having fired off at least twenty speeches. And be it remembered that this was, as we have said, really his Lordship's first regular engagement. He was all alone in it, and he conducted himself manfully and wisely, and came off victorious. This was on Thursday night last week. On the following Monday the House again got into Supply, and again Lord Hartington was at his post. On this occasion he was not left so entirely alone as he was on the former. Sir George Grey was present for a time, and Mr. Cardwell and Lord Bury, and rendered efficient help. The brunt of the business, however, fell upon the Under-Secretary, and again he did his work well; and before eleven o'clock had bagged all the Army votes.

### MR. GRANT DUFF.

Mr. Grant Duff (Mountstuart Elphinstone Grant Duff is his name at length), the member for the Elgin burghs, is probably one of the most learned and accomplished men in the House. He was educated primarily at Edinburgh. He took a good degree at Balliol College, Oxford. He gained a law studentship offered for competition by the Inns of Court. He graduated LL.D. with honours at the University of London; and it is understood that since his formal education he has not been idle, but has been buzzing about every field of knowledge and gathering honey from every flower. Moreover, Mr. Grant Duff is not a bad speaker; on the contrary, he is a better speaker than nine-tenths of the members who address the House; and if you will but listen to him, as we always do when we get the chance, you will be amply repaid for your attention, even though you are obliged to postpone your dinner for a time. But with all Mr. Grant Duff's learning and accomplishments and other qualifications he somehow fails to impress the House; he cannot hold its attention, but is doomed when he rises to see the members rise too and sit away, as much as to say "Oh! it's only Grant Duff; we shall not stop to listen to him." Now, how is this? Some say his appearance is against him, his manner is not attractive, his voice is pitched in too high a key, and is, moreover, not flexible, and is wanting in expression. There may be something in these objections; for here, as elsewhere, manner is as important as matter: nay, nonsense, if well put and artistically delivered, often gains attention, whilst Wisdom fails to get a hearing because she appears in an unattractive dress. But the real cause why Mr. Grant Duff fails to hold the House, we imagine, lies in his revolutionary sentiments. Not that Mr. Grant Duff is a political revolutionist—we do not mean that. He has not the slightest desire evidently to change our glorious Constitution, has no enmity to the Throne, and no wish to trench upon the privileges of the House of Lords. What we mean by revolutionary is this:—He sees great evils existing, holds strong opinions about these evils, daringly utters all his thoughts thereupon, and would demolish, obliterate them, wipe them clean away with a blow. Now, after all that we have done and are doing in the way of reform, we are a cautious and Conservative people; and he that would reform an institution, or remedy an ancient wrong, must approach it cautiously and proceed to the work of reform tentatively and gradually. Bit-by-bit reformers have often been laughed at and ridiculed; but in this Conservative country they are the only reformers that succeed. Now Mr. Grant Duff has none of this necessary caution. When he sees an evil he speaks of it openly, calls "a spade—a spade," and would have the obnoxious thing swept at once for ever out of his path; and so it has come to pass that Mr. Grant

Duff is looked upon by the old fogies (and there are few places in which old fogies prevail to a greater extent than it does in the House of Commons) as a very dangerous character; and when Mr. Grant Duff rises the old fogies uncontrollably rise too, and muttering "Oh! it's only that Grant Duff with some of his wild projects," proceed at once to leave the house; or, if they expect a division, unite with all their power to put him down.

### OLD FOYISM.

On Friday week Mr. Grant Duff introduced a motion on education, and if any of our readers will peruse that speech they will see at once the truth of the foregoing remarks. The speech was really a good speech, and delivered much better than we ever heard a speech of Mr. Grant Duff delivered before; but it was far too revolutionary for the House. The old fogies moved off; whilst those members who stopped would not listen, but proceeded almost immediately to cry down the speaker. Nor is this surprising to any one who knows the House of Commons. Why, he sneered at classical composition; expressed a desire to add the teaching of such vulgar things as German, French, Italian, arithmetic, and the art of writing good English into all public schools; and denounced the venerable school of Westminster as little better than a sham. Did ever mortal dare to utter such monstrous heresies in the House of Commons before? Ah! Mr. Grant Duff, if you would demolish the strongholds of Old Fogism, you must approach them cautiously and gradually, by circumlocution and parallels, and then undermine and sap them. You will never carry them by premature assault. This, then, is the reason, we more than suspect, why Mr. Grant Duff can seldom get a patient hearing in the house. One can imagine the sort of conversation which the old fogies had over their wine that night. "What does this fellow, Grant Duff, want?" one old fog would say to another; "I did not stop to listen to him, for I don't like the man." "Oh! he wants to reform our public schools, do away with Latin and Greek verses, and teach the modern languages and arithmetic, and all that sort of thing." "Confound his impudence! we've turned out some cleverer men than he from Eton—eh, Bates?—before he was born. My motto is—Let well alone. I hate all this chopping and changing about. Push the bottle on, and we'll drink to the old schools and confusion to Grant Duff." And so on, and so on. It took a long while to get iron rams substituted for wooden, and percussion for flint locks; whilst tens of thousands of "Brown Besses" were manufactured long after rifles were known. And we kept on building wooden ships for years when everybody—except official old fogies—knew that they were useless. But truth prevailed at last; and so light will penetrate the minds of our educational old fogies in time, and we shall no more think of sending our youth into the battle of life with a mere knowledge of Latin and Greek than we think of arming our troops with "Brown Bess."

### THE DANISH VICTORY.

On Monday evening, as soon as prayers were over, the members came down in unusual numbers. There were rumours of an armistice, rumours of a Danish victory, and it was surmised that Government would be censured upon these subjects and have to answer, and hence the stream of members which poured into the house from 4 o'clock to 4:30. It was also reported that Lord Palmerston would be in his place again, and some of these early comers might wish to give his Lordship a greeting cheer as he entered the house. His Lordship, however, did not show. Podagra still held him prisoner, although it was understood that the demon was relaxing his grip, and that his Lordship was getting better, though but slowly. "But the news! what is the news?" this was the question on everybody's lips; and when the members had fairly shaken down into their places, and Sir George Grey, the noble Premier's representative, appeared in his place, the censuring began. Mr. Hopwood led off the ball—"What course does the Government mean to take on the subject of the Danish question before the Whitsuntide holidays?" Whereupon Sir George Grey—"I stated the other night that the Conference was sitting; that Government was doing all that lay in its power to obtain an armistice. I have now the satisfaction to announce that the Conference has agreed upon an armistice for a month." Loud cheers followed this announcement, and then the censuring diverged into other subjects. Soon, however, Mr. Derby Griffith brought it back again to the Danish point. Rising from his seat, amidst ironical cheers, he wanted to know what were the terms of the armistice. Sir George could not say. And then again the House turned into quite another path. At last, however, Bernal Osborne rose, and straightway there fell upon the House profound silence. Everybody listens when Mr. Osborne rises to put a question, for he is a good hand at cross-examining a Minister, and if official reserve can be penetrated and made to disclose its secrets he is the man to accomplish this. "I wish to ask the right hon. gentleman," said Mr. B. O., "whether he has received information respecting a collision in the North Sea," and whether, in short, the Danes have thrashed the Germans; for that was the meaning of the question, though not put in this abrupt way. And again Sir George rose, and, amidst a silence profound still, spoke as follows:—"We received a telegram at two o'clock in the afternoon stating that an engagement was going on between two Austrian frigates and three Austrian gun-boats and two Danish frigates and one Danish corvette, six miles east of Heligoland. At four o'clock we received an additional telegram from the Governor stating that the Danes had defeated the Austrian squadron." And then there broke forth a crash of cheering—wild, tumultuous, and long-continued beyond all precedent, as it seemed to us—and, for a time, the bounds of order seemed to be broken, for members rose from their places, rushed out of the house, and cheered as they went; and it was not till some minutes had lapsed, and the Speaker had more than once called out "Order, order, order!" in his most commanding tones, that business could be resumed. In the course of the evening the secretary to the Austrian Embassy came into the House with an Austrian gentleman. Pity they had not come before!

### Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, MAY 6.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

LAW OF DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

The LORD CHANCELLOR called attention to the law of debtor and creditor as it affected the poorer classes. He contended that the power of imprisonment of poor debtors was most cruel, and helped to promote that facility of credit which led so much to wastefulness. He introduced a bill by which he proposed to remove the power of County Court Judges to order the imprisonment of a debtor except in cases where the debt had been fraudulently contracted, and then the debtor would be liable to be imprisoned as a misdemeanant for two months. The bill also gave power to County Court Judges to make arrangements with the creditors of poor debtors. No action would lie for a beerhouse bill, and actions in the County Courts must be brought within one year. In the second part of the bill he proposed to confer on County Court Judges a limited equity jurisdiction, so as to enable them to administer in the case of small estates. Lastly, the bill would prohibit the bringing of actions for small amounts within the jurisdiction of County Courts into the superior courts of law.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE DANISH WAR.

Sir G. GREY, in reply to Mr. Newdegate, said the Government would continue, in conjunction with the other Powers, to take the means most likely to effect the termination of the war and a satisfactory settlement of the differences between Denmark and Germany.

Lord C. PAGE, in answer to Mr. D. Griffith, said that the Aurora had been sent to watch the proceedings of the Austrian squadron. By a telegram received that day he learnt that she was at Heligoland.

Sir G. GREY said the Government had the most positive assurances from the Austrian Government that the sole object of the squadron being sent to the North Sea was to prevent the blockade of the Elbe and the Weser.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Mr. GRANT DUFF called attention to the report of the Public Schools Commission, and, after urging the necessity for the introduction of reforms at Eton, Westminster, and other institutions, moved that the state of the higher school education in England was not satisfactory, and required the attention of her Majesty's Government.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, whilst complimenting the mover on the interest he had excited in this subject, said that his proposal did not accord with the views of the commissioners, as he asked the House to express an opinion which was equivalent to a condemnation of the schools, which, though criticised by the commissioners, were certainly not condemned by them. He thought it would be premature to ask the House to pronounce such an opinion so soon after the report had been made, and that it would be better for the matter to stand over for consideration next Session. After some discussion the motion was withdrawn.

## SALE OF LIQUOR ON SUNDAYS.

Mr. SOMES moved for leave to bring in a bill for placing restrictions on the sale of intoxicating liquors between the hours of eleven on Saturday night and six on Monday morning. Mr. Roebuck opposed the bill, and, after some discussion, permission for its introduction was refused by 123 votes to 87.

MONDAY, MAY 9.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE CONFERENCE.—ARRANGEMENT OF AN ARMISTICE. In reply to the Earl of Carnarvon, Earl RUSSELL said he had great satisfaction in stating that the Conference had that day agreed to a suspension of hostilities between Austria and Prussia on the one hand, and Denmark on the other. The terms on which this arrangement was based were the *uti possedit*, each Power to retain its own position both by sea and land, and the blockade to be raised. The suspension of hostilities was to be for one month, from the 12th inst., and the Conference would reassemble on Thursday.

## POLAND.

Lord CAMPBELL moved resolutions declaring that the correspondence with the Russian Government as to Poland had not reached a satisfactory conclusion, and that, the Czar having failed to comply with the conditions of the Treaty of Vienna as to Poland, that treaty was no longer binding on her Majesty's Government.

Earl RUSSELL opposed the motion on the ground that, instead of increasing it would tend to impair the authority of the House. The noble Earl vindicated the course pursued by Ministers on the Polish question, and said they would have been justly blameworthy if they had involved this country in a war with Russia on behalf of Poland. At the same time he was strongly of opinion that, if, at a period of tranquillity, the Emperor of Russia disregarded the conditions of the Treaty of Vienna, he could not continue to claim the right of sovereignty over Poland.

After some remarks from Earl Grey the motion was withdrawn.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## THE DANISH NAVAL VICTORY.

Sir G. GREY said that the Secretary for the Colonies had received a telegram that afternoon from Heligoland to the effect that an engagement was then going on between two Austrian frigates and three gun-boats and two Danish frigates and one corvette, and since he had been in the House an additional telegram had arrived from the Governor of Heligoland that the Danes had defeated the Austrian squadron. (Loud and protracted cheers were evoked by this statement from all parts of the House.) The right hon. Baronet added, that one Austrian frigate was in flames, and that the other, with the gun-boats, was making the best of her way to Heligoland (Renewed cheers).

## SUPPLY.—CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

On the order for going into Committee of Supply,

Colonel NORTH moved an address to the Queen, praying her to relieve the officers of Chelsea Hospital from the payment of rates and taxes charged upon them by a recent regulation for houses in that establishment occupied by them in the performance of their duties.

The motion was opposed by Mr. PEEL, and, upon a division, was negatived by 184 to 102.

The House then went into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates.

TUESDAY, MAY 10.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

## SENTENCE OF DEATH BILL.

The Earl of ELLENBOROUGH moved the second reading of the Punishment of Death Bill, which seeks to relieve the Home Secretary of the sole responsibility of deciding as to whether death punishment should be carried out or commuted. He proposed to associate with the Home Secretary the Lord Chief Justice, the Lord Chancellor, the Prime Minister, and the President of the Council.

Earl GRANVILLE urged the postponement of the bill until the Royal Commission on death punishments had made its report.

After some discussion the bill was withdrawn.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## TAXATION.

Mr. WHITE moved the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the operation and incidence of our present fiscal system, and to consider and report if any and what measures could be devised to secure a more equitable adjustment of the burden of Imperial taxation.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER contended that the labour sketched out for the Committee by Mr. White was far greater than it could perform. He hoped the motion would not be pressed, but that if the subject were brought forward again, the hon. gentleman would fix upon some one or more of the number of topics he had alluded to for inquiry. He alluded to several of the suggestions made by Mr. White, and combated the advisability or practicability of their adoption. He concluded by advising that the motion be withdrawn, which, after some discussion, was agreed to by Mr. White.

## INNS OF COURT.

Leave was given to Sir G. Bowyer to bring in a bill to appoint judicial committees in certain cases and to give the necessary powers to such committees.

## TREASURE TROVE.

Sir J. C. Jervoise was moving a resolution respecting treasure-trove, when the House was counted out.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 11.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## BOURGEOIS FRANCHISE BILL.

Mr. BAINES, in moving the second reading of the Borough Franchise Bill, observed that the present was a most opportune period for dealing with the question of Parliamentary Reform, as the public mind was quiescent, and no agitation prevailed upon the subject. The bill, if it passed, would have the effect of adding about 700,000 voters to the register; and the result would be that, whereas only one in five of the adult males in boroughs was now represented, hereafter the proportion would be one in three.

Mr. CAVE moved the previous question, contending that there was no need or demand for Parliamentary Reform, and that the working classes were already fully represented so far as their material interests were concerned.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, speaking in support of the second reading, admitted that since 1851 the question of reform had not been in a satisfactory condition, and that it was for the interest of the country that it should be speedily entertained and settled. In his opinion every man who was not mentally or morally incapacitated was justly entitled to be admitted within the pale of the Constitution; but he was utterly opposed to all sudden, inconsistent, and violent changes. The right hon. gentleman then spoke in terms of the highest encomium of the working classes, and said that it was right that Parliament should consider the claim put forward on their behalf to the possession of the franchise; and such consideration he thought might be better entered upon at a moment like this, when there was an absence of all excitement and agitation on the subject, than to wait until the doors of the house were besieged and its table groaning under petitions.

Mr. WHITESIDE regretted the temporary absence of Lord Palmerston from the house; for, whether the question under discussion was connected with foreign or domestic politics, his presence was always needed by his colleagues, and certainly it was never more required than on this occasion, in order that he might reply to his own refractory Chancellor of the Exchequer. The right hon. gentleman then proceeded to say that a proposal of such magnitude and importance as the bill before the House ought not to emanate from a private member; and he argued that the influx of 700,000 men, of whom they could know nothing, into the different borough constituencies, would in any aspect be a dangerous experiment; that when once the step was taken it could not be reversed, and that therefore any measure on the subject ought to be propounded by Ministers of the Crown, acting through their chief.

After some further discussion the House divided, and the previous question was carried by 272 to 216. The bill was therefore lost.

THURSDAY, MAY 12.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Earl of Ellenborough, having asked some questions as to the kidnapping of British subjects in New York, Earl RUSSELL said that the bounty paid by the United States Government for each man enlisted was as much as \$600 dol. or \$900 dol., and unfortunately this was an inducement to unprincipled persons to drug or otherwise keep in their possession sailors and others until they could get them to enlist, and thus profit by the bounty. He was sorry to say that, although Lord Lyons had remonstrated with the United States authorities, his efforts had not been followed by a satisfactory result. It was the intention of her Majesty's Government to make the strongest remonstrance possible in order to put an end to the disgraceful practice alluded to.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## THE IRON-PLATE COMMITTEE.

Lord C. PAGET, in answer to Mr. H. Tracy, said the Iron-plate Committee, as soon as they had terminated their inquiry, would cease to exist. There would be no objection to lay their reports on the table; but as there would be four bulky volumes, with sketches, he would lay half a dozen copies in the library for inspection, and if it was thought necessary to print them he should offer no objection.

## PUBLIC MEETINGS IN THE PARKS.

Sir G. GREY, in reply to Mr. Whalley, said the instructions of the police

did justify them in acting as they did on a late occasion. It was obvious that large political meetings in the parks must interfere with the objects for which the parks were set aside, and with the comfort and recreation of the people.

## EDUCATION INSPECTORS' REPORTS.

Sir G. GREY moved "That a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the practice of the Committee of Council on Education with respect to the reports of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools." The Right Hon. Baronet went at length into the charges brought against the department, and earnestly urged the fullest possible inquiry.

Sir J. PANINGTON moved as an addition to the motion the words "and further to inquire into the constitution of that Committee, and how far their mode of conducting the business of the department is consistent with the due control of Parliament over the annual education grants."

Mr. Bruce and Mr. B. Osborne opposed the amendment, which was supported by Lord R. Cecil and Mr. Alderley. Upon a division, Sir J. Panington's amendment was negatived by a majority of 142 to 93.

The original motion was then agreed to.

## SUPPLY.

The House then went into Committee of Supply, and several votes were taken.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES

(In all cases to be paid in advance.)

Stamped Edition, to go free by post.

Three Months, 4s. 4d.; Six Months, 8s. 8d.; Twelve Months, 17s. 4d. Post Office Orders to be made payable to THOMAS FOX, Strand Branch.

Four Stamps should be sent for Single Copies. Office, 2, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C.

## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864.

## THE COMMITTEE AGAIN.

It might have been considered that nothing could well be more explicit, distinct, and complete than the denials of Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, and of the Earl of Clarendon in the Peers, of the rumours prevalent as to the sinister influences brought to bear to urge the departure of Garibaldi. But there is a certain clique of notoriety-hunters, of whom the public has lately seen somewhat more than enough. No constant reader of our columns will imagine that we attribute to the "working classes," in whose name these self-seeking agitators profess to act, the disgrace and the ridicule with which it seems their fate to invest their own efforts. The supposititious "working mens'" address to Garibaldi has been cited as a model of execrable taste. Its blundering allusion to Mazzini was calculated to do far more mischief to Garibaldi than even his worst enemy could have concentrated in an invective. The mock procession got up in his honour was a burlesque, only to be exceeded by the demonstration which followed it in favour of Shakespeare. After that, the working men's committees might well have retired from the scene. But, in social life, everyone has met with the obtrusive, vapid talker, who, in full consciousness of having raised ridicule by his blunderings and follies, yet talks on in the vain hope of saying at least one good thing to cover his retreat, and always succeeds only in rendering his own position still less enviable by his floundering efforts. So with the so-called committee. They gained some kind of sympathy by being unwarrantably and most injudiciously driven from their meeting-place at Primrose-hill, after the Shakespeare nonsense. The error was at once admitted, and last Saturday they met to listen to and to be gulled by a story asserted with all the confidence of indisputable authority. It was not merely that Garibaldi had been expressly desired by the Government to leave the country, but the place, the hearers, the speakers were all named. The very words of the conversation were given with the exactitude of a shorthand report. Garibaldi had been expressly told by Mr. Gladstone, "Well, General, the fact is, if this sort of thing goes on much further it may lead to complications which may be unpleasant to us." The phraseology is not much in Mr. Gladstone's style; but, then, our Chancellor spoke in Italian, and his words were translated into the vernacular for a Primrose-hill audience.

Mr. Gladstone has entitled himself to the highest praise by the course which he has adopted in reference to this circumstantial assertion. He has sought—not merely accorded—but invited an interview with the Working Men's Garibaldi Committee. He offered them either to give his own detailed account of what passed between him and Garibaldi, or to submit, as if in the witness-box, to be cross-examined by the attorney who had made the statement as to what had passed at the interview. More than this: he did both. He declared the statement which we have quoted to be an absolute invention, and gave a complete denial to the whole assertion by saying that "there was not one syllable of that spoken, nor one syllable that could by any possibility be construed into anything of the kind."

But why did Mr. Fergusson write the famous letter, urging upon Garibaldi the danger of fulfilling his proposed programme of a provincial progress? The reason is simple enough. Mr. Fergusson (not Dr. Fergusson, as many persist in styling him) is simply one of the first and greatest surgeons in England, if not in Europe. Professor Partridge, who attended Garibaldi, acts commonly with Mr. Fergusson in the most important cases at a great metropolitan hospital. You agitators, who so freely act upon the assumption that such a man as this has lent himself to be the tool of an oligarchy, do you not know him? The greater portion of his time, his vast acquirements, and his almost unequalled skill, are occupied in tending the humbler classes—not only the labouring and industrious, but the most wretched and destitute—without fee from his patients. He has, if not actually initiated, at least almost perfected that modern system of surgery which humanely considers the saving of a limb by any exercise of skill on the part of the operator a duty, in comparison with which an amputation, when not absolutely necessary, becomes a crime. He makes the aristocracy pay for the setting of your broken limbs when you, Tom, Jack, and Harry, fall from scaffolds, or crush one another beneath cartwheels, or suffer any of the injuries to which labour is so constantly exposed. Look to your own journals, to those who now pamper your turgid oratory by pretending to fall in with your views. See the reason alleged by them, months ago, as Garibaldi's primary reason for visiting England. It was, as they one and all stated, to obtain the professional aid of "Dr." Fergusson. And who has driven him away? You yourselves. You may think that to run shrieking and shouting round an invalid's carriage, to clutch by thousands at his hand, to din foolish speeches by the hour into his ear, and to continue this game day after day, and week after week, will do him no harm. If Mr. Fergusson have different views upon this matter, let him at least be allowed that freedom of opinion which you are so eager to stand up for in your own behalf.

The only cause for regret is that the friendly solicitude of Mr. Gladstone may be, and possibly has been, misunderstood, by reason of his being a member of the Government. After his manly, straightforward, and complete statements, there can be little doubt that he would have acted precisely in the same manner had he been a private gentleman. Of this, even the deputation were fain to be convinced; and, having had all their ground cut away from beneath them, and every one of their material allegations explicitly contradicted, they were fain to content themselves with shaking hands all round with Mr. Gladstone. It is to be desired, though we fear not to be expected, that this unpleasant affair will now be allowed to drop.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN, accompanied by Princesses Helena and Louisa, came up to town on Wednesday from Windsor, and proceeded to Buckingham Palace, where her Majesty held a Court, for which a limited number of invitations had been issued.

A LEVEE was held on Saturday at St. James's Palace by the Prince of Wales, on behalf of the Queen, at which the great officers of State and the Diplomatic Body attended.

PRINCE ALFRED has just been paying a visit to Prussia, and been decorated by the King with the order of the Black Eagle. A strong feeling has been expressed that his Royal Highness should not have accepted the order.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY is to be celebrated by a grand review of the volunteers by the Prince of Wales, in Hyde Park, on Saturday, the 28th inst.

LORD PALMERSTON has consented to become the president of the South of England Literary and Philosophical Society, which has been established in connection with the Hartley Institute at Southampton.

M. EDWARD ELLIOT, M.P. for the St. Andrew's burghs, is in such indifferent health as to be unable to attend in his place in Parliament.

THE SWISS FEDERAL DIET are about to request of the Austrian Government the extradition of General Langiewicz as a Swiss citizen.

THE ENGLISH GARRISON are to quit Corfu on the 3rd of June. The citadel and the new fort are not to be demolished.

THE GENERAL MEETING OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION, announced for the 19th inst., is postponed to Thursday, the 26th.

MR. E. W. WATKIN was elected for Stockport, on Monday, without opposition.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS have been at Southampton inspecting some of the mail-packets there, to ascertain their fitness for war-transports.

GARIBALDI had 267,000 applications for locks of hair from ladies. The calculation is that, after the complete cropping and exhaustion of the hero's own hair, including whiskers and beard, a hundred and twenty-three wigs would not have met the demand.

LAND has recently been selling in the neighbourhood of Ilminster, in Somersetshire, at £1,000 per acre.

A FARMER NEAR DORCHESTER has now the enormous number of 3000 pigs. He breeds and purchases to keep up his stock. One week he bought 600 pigs. They are fed partly on wheat.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has arrested M. de Pulsky, one of the principal chiefs of the Hungarian Revolution of 1848, and M. de Szemere, formerly Minister under the Revolutionary Government. Both are authorized to return to their country, and their property, which had been confiscated, is restored to them.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH is working well between Bussorah and Kurrachee. It only remains to complete the section through the valley of the Euphrates to make the chain from London to Calcutta complete.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY has made another raid into the Yoruba country but has been driven back, with heavy loss. Instead of ravaging the invaded country and carrying off thousands of the population to be sacrificed to his idols or sold to the slave-traders on the coast, he has lost a thousand of his troops in killed, and as many have been wounded.

CARDINAL MORICCHINI, who was arrested some days ago at Ancona on a charge of treasonable practices, has been acquitted by the tribunal before which he was tried. He was accordingly set at liberty without delay.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS presided at a meeting held on Wednesday for the purpose of establishing a Shakespeare Foundation School in connection with the Dramatic College. It is proposed to establish a first-class school for children of both sexes, open to all ranks and professions, with a certain number of foundation scholars, according to the funds subscribed, to which the children of actors, actresses, and dramatic authors shall alone be eligible.

ABOUT MIDNIGHT ON TUESDAY the chimney of the Royal George Mills, at Saddleworth, fell. In its descent it crushed three cottages, in one of which no less than ten persons were sleeping. They were all killed, and it is feared the loss of life is even greater than this.

A BOY NAMED SAMUEL LEECH, who was bitten in the lip about a month ago by a shepherd's dog, belonging to a farmer living at West Derby, near Liverpool, died of hydrocephalus on Monday.

THE FOUR ARCHBISHOPS OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND were present at the annual Ascension Day dinner given by the Primate at Lambeth Palace—a circumstance said to be unprecedented in modern times.

ENORMOUS QUANTITIES OF MACKEREL were, during last week, taken on the Cornish coast and transmitted to London and other markets. On one day alone the quantity of fish sent off by rail exceeded seventy tons.

GARIBALDI LANDED AT CAPERERA on Monday at two o'clock. The General has intimated his intention to decline the subscription proposed to be got up to purchase an estate for him, but intends to accept the "Garibaldi Testimonial Fund," which is to be placed at his disposal for what ever purpose he may think fit—that is, he will accept nothing for himself, personally, but will use funds placed in his hands for the service of his country.

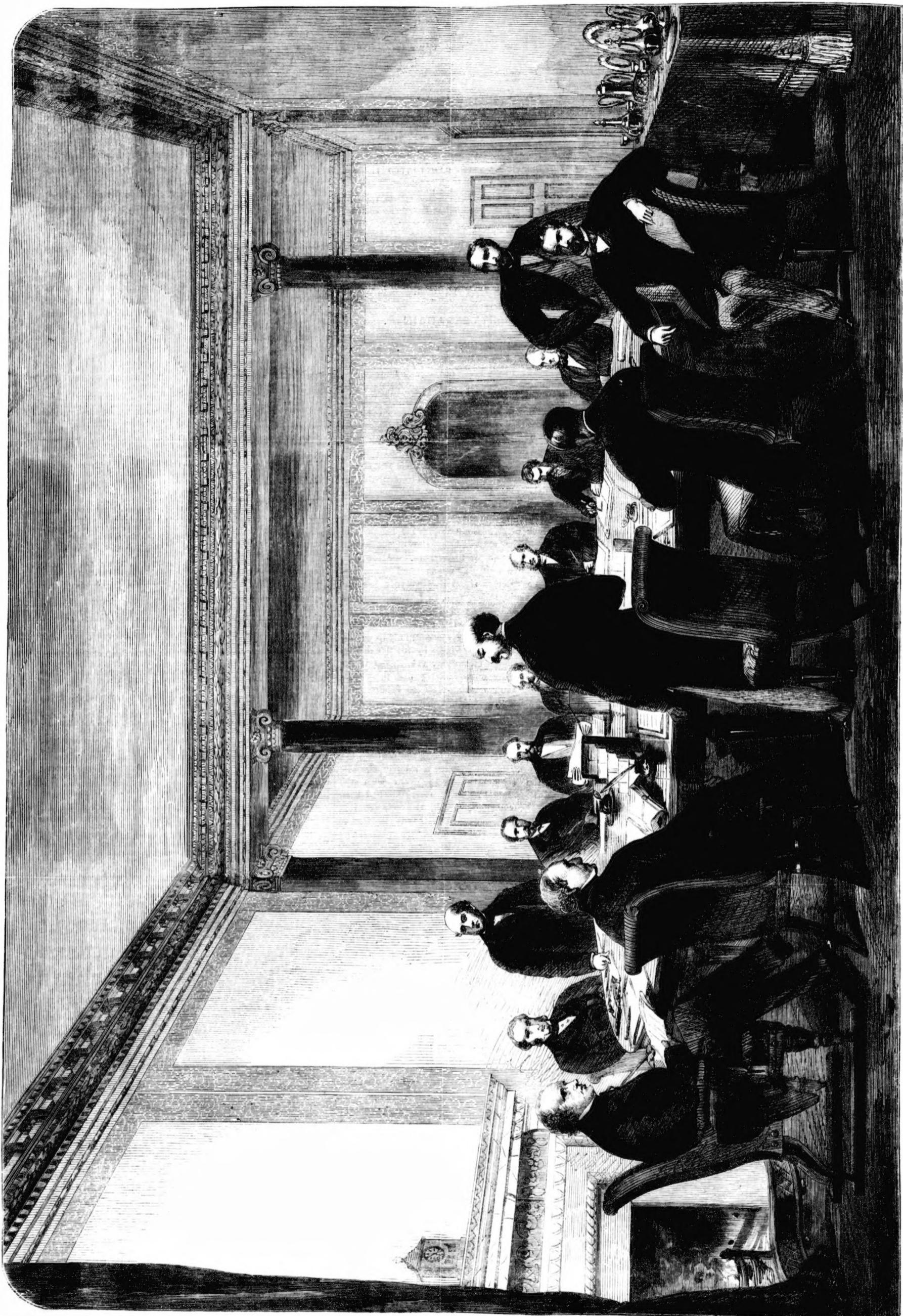
A BOILER EXPLOSION took place at the Bishop's-road station of the Metropolitan Underground Railway on Monday morning. Fortuna e y, no lives were lost, and the injuries to the passengers were, for the most part, of a very slight description.

MISS HARRIET CUST, aged twenty-eight, of the musical profession, having been jilted by a medical man, became depressed in spirits. The other day she met him in London and upbraided him with his conduct. He confessed that he had married another lady. Before her intention could be detected, she raised a phial containing laudanum to her lips and swallowed it.

MARRIAGES ARE ARRANGED between the Hon. Ellen Stuart, second daughter of Lord and Lady Blantyre, and Sir David Baird; between Lady Constance Murray, second sister of the Earl of Dunmore, and Lord Elphinstone; and between Lady Constance Villiers, eldest daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, and the Hon. Frederick Stanley, second son of the Earl of Derby.

THE Paris *Charivari* publishes a woodcut in which Prussia, in military uniform, is represented at table, taking enormous mouthfuls of a tempting dish, labelled "Jutland." Close by, a diplomatist, in embroidered costume, is hurrying up to prevent any further absorption. Below is written, "Making all the haste possible to devour the whole before the dish is taken away."

GARIBALDI AND THE SERVANTS AT STAFFORD HOUSE.—On the morning he left Stafford House General Garibaldi put £20 in the hands of a friend, and asked him to distribute it amongst the servants, with an expression of his hearty thanks for their attention. One of the upper servants was communicated with, who, after speaking of it to his fellows, came back into the room and with real emotion informed the General's friend that not a servant in the establishment would take a shilling. They one and all esteemed it an honour they should never forget to serve such an illustrious man, and they must entreat him to let the honour be their reward.



SITTING OF THE CONFERENCE ON THE AFFAIRS OF DENMARK.—SEE PAGE 307.



## GARDENING.

HAD this been intended for an elaborate essay, full of verbal mosaic work, it might have been entitled "Concerning Gardens," and, going on from a highly-imaginative contemplation of Eden, would have shown how all mere earthly and local representations of Paradise are still to be found in gardens. It might appeal to the recollection of the reader to say whether his very happiest hours—periods full of brightest promise and most joyful associations—have not been spent in gardens; have quaintly intimated that even the house, the material type of home and the affections, is incomplete and almost worthless without a certain open area of ground at the back, complimentarily known as *the garden*; how even the man who has not been so happy as to find his constant care bounded by a few paternal acres yet looks forward in more than a figurative sense to spend the evening of his days under the shelter of his own vine and fig-tree; how, in fact, from the first blush of the morning of life, when we gather the fresh dew off the grass and gambol heedlessly amongst fruit and flowers, till the quiet eventide, when long, dark shadows lie behind us and the sun is going down, we find "*the garden*" represents much to us which would otherwise altogether lack expression. We might even go off at a gentle angle, and, not to be backward in contrasts, refer to the poor brats in the low neighbourhoods of London—the back slums all overgrown with hideous buildings and full of evil influences, where no blossom or bud of promise can be expected to struggle into life. Even these have faint instinctive yearnings gardenwards, and stick stray sprigs and bits of refuse greenstuff into their mud pies, thereby transforming them—in imagination, at least—to that celebrated garden of nursery rhyme where silver bells and cockle-shells alternated with cowslips in pleasing conchological and horticultural variety. Assuredly no such essay would be complete without references to all the poets, and especially to Herrick and Herbert, respecting the present season of the year; while a judicious selection of remarks from the cottage gardener, recast into fanciful English, would alike preserve the naturalness of the composition and display the intimate knowledge of the author with his subject. Then there are the thousand delights which await children at the opening of the warm springtide—the numberless revelations of life and beauty, from the time when the first golden crocus peeps out like a floral sunbeam on the dark earth to the more advanced glories of ripe cherries and bright green gourds trailing upon the ground at the foot of the wall. There is a rapture, too, in seeing the successful issue of that wonderful operation the sowing of mustard and cress, especially when, on getting up at early morning, it has grown into a green Christian name, with a symmetrical full-stop at the end, which is soon obliterated by experiments as to the perfect flavour of the green meat.

Then, again, what can equal those experimental salads which are so fresh gathered and so gritty? Or does the Australian miner feel a more perfect throb of pleasure at finding a nugget than is experienced by the tiny amateur of five who discovers a pinky-white early strawberry, or comes suddenly upon a marvellous turnip radish? Looking at both events impartially, nobody can deny that the acquisition of a wooden spade and an eighteen-penny wheelbarrow is an event of more absorbing interest every way than the setting up of a brougham and pair. What if the wheelbarrow should make ruts in the bit of turf known as the lawn? What, even, if the spade should turn up more seeds than will be sown by the busy little hands? If you are to be perfect and precise about your gardening and lay it all out in a regular pattern with seeds and roots, at so many the square yard, and beds of geometrical accuracy, why, you have made a mistake and have missed the beauty of the thing altogether. Keep you to your trim walks and spare, unmeaning parterres, and meantime I—that is to say, the writer, who might have been an essayist—will away to the part-fenced off for the children, to whom, let us trust, you have been no niggard in the matter of space.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

QUITE early, I hardly know how long ago, the grandson of Lord Byron took his seat in the House of Lords. He is the son of Earl Lovelace, who married Ada, the daughter of Lord Byron. By courtesy he is Viscount Ockham, but he sits in the House of Peers as Baron Wentworth. He gets this barony through his mother; but if your readers want to know how, they must consult their Peerage. I went on purpose to the House of Lords to get a glimpse of this youth; I found him sitting upon the cross benches, and I was soon satisfied. I looked hard to discover a likeness of the noble poet, but saw none: not a lineament was there, nor a look, nor indeed anything. What I did see, it is not worth while to say; but I did not see anything that I cared to see.

The most important speech of the Session is that which Mr. Gladstone delivered on Wednesday, on the bill for extending the borough franchise introduced by Mr. Baines. Read it, ponder it, and consider the position of political parties, and you will discover at once that this is a historic speech, a speech which Mr. May, when he comes to continue his History, will quote as a hint if not a development of the policy of the future Liberal chief. Palmerston, brave old man, is wellnigh hors-de-combat. Six attacks of the gout in less than nine months are and must be considered signs that his course is nearly run and his work done. This is the first thing to be held in mind. Next, reflect that the Parliament is near its end. It cannot last more than a year. Next year, if not this, an appeal must be made to the country, and, of course, the Liberals must have a cry, and a good cry, or they will be nowhere at the general election. Well, here is the cry—the old Liberal cry of "Reform," to which will be probably added the rest of the Liberal formula, "Retrenchment, and Peace." This is how I interpret Gladstone's speech, and this is the interpretation which has been put upon it in the House and at the clubs, both Liberal and Conservative. And, further, Gladstone is to be the Leader; and, mark you, this is not gossip nor conjecture, nor did Mr. Gladstone make that speech of his own mere motive. No, unless I grievously miss my mark, it was all arranged, and now the word has gone forth, the bolt is shot, and cannot be recalled, and once more the great Liberal party, which has for the last five years hung but loosely together, will be consolidated and close its ranks for a fight under the old flag. What the Conservatives will do remains to be seen; but they are quite alive to the crisis, and know full well the meaning of the speech. The bill was lost by 272 to 216, but in this matter one fact should be known. This was not a Government bill, and therefore the Government whips did not exert themselves to get up their men, whereas the Conservatives worked very strenuously. There were plenty of Liberals in town to carry the measure; but not being specially urged to come, many stopped away.

Here is a list of the prices from a "fourneau économique" in one of the departments of France:—Soup, 1d.; bouilli, or beef à la mode, 1½d.; pork chops, 3d.; roast veal, 2½d.; salad, 1d.; cheese, 1d.; white wine, 1½d.; red wine, 2d. Not dear, is it? And the word "cheese" reminds me of an after-dinner conversation that I heard the other day (pray don't be alarmed, I am not about to divulge a private confidence). The place was open to the British public as the palm of Garibaldi's hand. It was in a small market-town, on market day, at two o'clock p.m., and I was horribly hungry. I stepped into the Rose and Crown, and asked for something to eat. "Dinner is just served up, Sir," said a buxom servant-girl. "Dinner?" I repeated. "Yes, Sir; the market dinner, up stairs, to the right." To speak the strict truth, the young lady said "to the right." There was a substantial meal, which was substantially approved of by the most substantial men I ever sat at table with in my life. They were all prosperous, pudgy, well-to-do, double-chinned, double-breasted, double-stomached, double-jointed farmers. Though not exactly looked on as an intruder, I felt that I was regarded as a Cockney, and that my pale face, beard, effeminate manners, and London habit of "clipping my words" amused the burly agriculturists. I was so different from them; a fact for which no doubt they felt grateful, as I did. After the cloth was removed, pipes and brandy-and-water circulated, but the conversation did not circulate.

For five-and-twenty minutes not one word was spoken, save the gurgle of a stuffed-up pipe or the grunt of a stuffed-out farmer. The thought then flashed upon me that every person present was the original of Joseph Willet in Mr. Dickens' romance of "Barnaby Rudge." At last one man spoke, and every other man's eye was fixed upon him. He was evidently the Sheridan or Chatham of the party:—"Mr. Oilcake," said he, "how are you all at home?" (He said "hum!" but I translate as I go on). There was a pause for five minutes, during which Mr. Oilcake considered how they all were at home. "Well, thankee," said Oilcake, after reflection, "they're all quite well." Ten minutes pause after this for the proper digestion of this tremendous dialogue. "How's your boy, Jim?" asked the first speaker. Every eye again rolled slowly on Mr. Oilcake, who replied readily upon the spot, and with not more than a minute after the question, "Quite well, thankee, quite well." Pause and pipes. "He's a good boy, is Jim." Every one present nodded. Pause. "A very good boy," repeated Oilcake, growing garrulous, "but he's—he's—what d'you call it—you know—a—a—you know what I mean?" "Rheumatic?" asked the first speaker. "No." "Shorthorns?" "No." "Scorbutic?" volunteered another. "No, no; don't answer when he's—he's speak to—you know." "Absent!" suggested a third. "Aye," said Oilcake, delighted, "that's it—absent—ABSENT—ABSENT!" "Well," remarked a thin old man, who sat at the lower end of the table, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

I have received two pamphlets just published, each of which deals with a very important question which may be interesting to many of your readers. The first is entitled "Charges against the Charity Commissioners in the matter of the Royal Free Grammar School at Giggleswick," and is written by Mr. James Foster, a London merchant, who, having been himself educated at the school, is anxious that its character should be preserved, or rather restored.

It would appear that Giggleswick Grammar School, which is one of the Royal free establishments of Edward VI., and is situated near Settle, in Yorkshire, is one of the best endowed country schools in England; and that the governors and trustees, who are all connected by business or family relations, and so form a snug little party, have succeeded in obtaining the entire and almost unquestioned control not only of the management of the institution, but of what shall or shall not be taught there. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say that this richly-endowed school has been reduced by this amicable co-operation to a mere parish seminary, where three or four dozen children are taught the rudiments of an English education; and, according to Mr. Foster's statements, the means used to arrive at this result have been as peculiar as they were successful. In cases where a capable and independent Head Master, of high scholastic attainments, seemed likely to uphold the influence and usefulness of the school, he found himself secretly opposed and at last openly defied by the Usher, or Assistant Master, who seems to have been chosen by the governors as a sort of clerical Uriah Heep, whose ultimate desire was to oust his principal from office by making it impossible for any man of spirit to retain a position in which he was plotted against by an inferior officer who had both the ear and the support of the governing body. The means taken to damage the reputations of two successive Head Masters and to place the entire control in the hands of governors and trustees are set forth by Mr. Foster, who last year applied to the Charity Commissioners for an inquiry, which it seems has never been granted or properly made, and who now brings against them the charges of negligence, of refusing investigation, of rejecting the protests of persons competent to judge of the case, and of enabling the governors and trustees to defy the public, whom they have in effect deprived of the full benefits of the school. I can only say that I heartily wish Mr. Foster success in stirring up the Charity Commissioners or the public; but we all know how great is the tenacity with which small family parties stick to public trusts, and how long and tedious a process it is to get at "the stick to beat the dog that shall bite the pig, &c."

My other booklet is by Mr. Henry Ayres, the author of "Ayres' Financial Register of British and Foreign Funds, Banks, and Railways," and other works of a similar character, and treats of a subject no less important than the advantages of giving publicity to the balance-sheets of insurance companies, and an examination of the accounts of companies presented to Parliament in June, 1863. The truth is, that a great deal is made of the fact that the balance-sheets of joint-stock assurance companies are subject to periodical registration and publication, and that since the Act of 1844, which demanded that this should be done, a larger amount of public security is insured. Without dwelling upon the curious fact that the Act did not include those companies which were already in existence when these provisions were made, and that there is, in consequence, no public proof of the soundness of the older companies, it may be well to consider that the method by which the accounts are presented to Parliament may possibly counteract the advantages sought to be gained by such an enactment; and that, unless a comparatively complete system be adopted, the printing and publication of this mass of useless matter in blue-books may be, as Mr. Ayres says, "a waste of time and an extravagant waste of public money." The pamphlet which I have before me goes thoroughly into the question, and shows how little reliance can be placed on the present incomplete method of registration, and points out the necessity for an improved system which would include (under a penalty) the publication of such accounts at least once a year.

## THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

AFTER the feeble farce of "Shake Hands" a new comedy by Mr. Boucicault is now played at the St. James's, with, as I think, but partial success. It is called "The Foxchase," and is certainly more of a farce and a drama than a comedy. Its incidents are over-complicated and improbable; but it is a long time since I have heard such admirable dialogue. The first act has a situation identical with that of the first act of "David Garrick," the new piece at the Haymarket. All the characters were excellently well sustained.

And apropos of the new piece at the HAYMARKET, the flutter it has created in the poultry-yard of small playwrights is very flattering to its author—I should say, adapter. Many of the newspaper critics would seem to have had their historical sensibilities grossly outraged by the fact of his having christened it "David Garrick." And why not call it "David Garrick?" After the lapse of a century every celebrity becomes the property of the romancer and the playwright; at least so thought "eminent hands," Scott and Thackeray, and a host of others. Only sixty years after "the Forty-five" "Waverley" appeared, and we all know what Sir Walter said of and did with that regal historical personage Charles Edward. "Esmond," too, has been published some time. Why should not Mr. David Garrick share the fate of the Chevalier, the Duke of Cumberland, Marlborough, Argyll, Messrs. Richard Tarpin, Claude du Val, John Sheppard, and therest? The mind of one critic was fearfully harrowed because the Garrick of the drama is betrothed to the heroine, whereas the biographical fact is that he married somebody else. Does it never happen that a gentleman engaged to one lady weds another? Is not man sometimes faithless, and woman too? Did not Garrick—I mean the real man—plight his faith to Mistress Margaret Wellington, and was not the wedding postponed in consequence of the severe disinclination of a principal performer? As to the degradation of his (Garrick's) art, what art could be degraded by using it to cure a silly girl of a misplaced attachment? It must have been a scroll sight—all the critics looking up the letter G in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and some of the most ardent borrowing a life of Garrick for the purpose of convicting the adapter of a little three-act drama of a disregard for fact ("What we want is facts," said Mr. Graggrind, "hard facts"), which they would pardon or condone in the case of men of the calibre of the authors of "Red Gauntlet" and "The Virginians."

After the "Pyramid," which is a somewhat weighty entertainment, as becomes its title, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed have introduced a Shakespearian reverie, entitled "The Bard and his Birthday," the literary production of Mr. William Brough. Mr. German Reed, as Mr. German Reed, is discovered in Shakespear's birthplace composing a centenary ode, and before his eyes appear visions of the

immortal bard and his imaginings, illustrated by Mrs. German Reed, who, in addition, enacts the good lady who shows the house to the visitors. First, Mrs. Reed appears as Shakspeare—and admirably has Mr. Brough imitated the style of Shakespearian quip and logic-chopping in the language she delivers—then, as Mrs. Kinkum, as Rosalind, a Singing Witch, Touchstone, and Ariel. Snatches of the most popular Shakespearian music are played and sung. I need not say how, the performers being Mr. and Mrs. Reed, and the whole affair is infinitely in the best taste and the most satisfactory of any of the complimentary compilations got up in honour of the birthday. I must not forget to mention the capital scenery by Mr. O'Connor, "Honour where honour is due;" or, as I should say if writing for a comic paper, "Connor where Connor is due."

## LEVASSOR EN VISITE!

Again the season is at its height, and again is Monsieur Levassor at the Egyptian Hall, delighting fashionable audiences with sketches of character executed in a manner in which he has no competitor. All his portraits are as perfect as highly finished miniatures, and there is a perfume of art, so to speak, about the highly-finished miniature which makes bread photographic realism look a coarse brutality beside it. The programme is even a better one than that of last year. There is "Le Touriste et la Bergerie," a charming piece of sham sentiment and actuality; the "Bonhomme," which is almost pathetic; and "M. Prudhomme," a grand irritable Parisian extravagance, apropos of the demolition of ancient street-marks. "Fortunia" is very prudish pieces of femininity, in which the great actor would be joyous if he were not German, and to which "Vive la choucroute et le plaisir" is a significant refrain. "Les Cœurs de la Danse" is great success, and the "Telegraphe" the latest and most Parisian extraordinary Terpsichorean invention. Mlle. Teisseire, who unites the fourfold charms of flexible voice, handsome features, elegant figure, and personal grace, supports the great actor admirably, and sings and acts with all the aplomb and fascination of the Opera Comique. M. Levassor's impersonation of Bull Bull, the English actor on the steam-boat, so popular last May, with additional jokes and more elaborate "business," concludes a truly delightful two hours' entertainment.

## OPERA AND CONCERTS.

We called attention last week to the impolicy (as it seemed to us) of Mr. Gye modelling his programmes for the season to a great extent on those of Mr. Mapleton, which seem also to be modelled, to a great extent, on those of Mr. Gye. If we are to have two Italian operas in London, at least do not let them play the same works. That the two rival managers should admire one another and love to exchange proofs of esteem is natural enough, but they need not carry their fraternal affection so far as to diminish the pleasures of the public. Imitation is said to be the highest and most delicate form of flattery, and this no doubt accounts for the anxiety which each manager shows to reproduce at his own theatre whatever novelty may have been brought out at the theatre of his amiable rival. Thus, last year we had two "Fausts" in the field, and this year we were to have had two "Falstaffs." But, at the last moment, we are glad to see that Mr. Gye has altered his mind, and that instead of another version of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Flotow's "Stradella" is to be produced.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, which formerly enjoyed a special reputation for its ballets, an attempt is still made to keep up the ancient tradition, and a little divertissement, called "Bacco ed Arianna," is performed every night at the conclusion of the opera, with two clever dancers—Mlle. Beretta and Signor Ammaturo—in the principal parts. We have not seen "Bacco ed Arianna," but (like most of our readers, no doubt) have seen a few works of the same kind, and do not care for the style. The two chief dancers of the theatre, however, appear also in divertissements introduced into operas, or naturally belonging to them.

It is only in incidental divertissements that dancing is seen at all at Covent Garden. This, we think, is a pity. It should be an absolute rule never to introduce dancing into an opera where it was not intended by the composer. If the public must be treated now and then to a dance, let them have it by itself; but it is a great mistake at a theatre of a high class, and of the highest pretensions, to break up the continuity of an operatic performance for the sake of exhibiting an occasional ballet scene. This ridiculous custom, imported from France, is even there observed only at one theatre; and if some inflexible law compels the directors of the Académie to bring out no opera which does not include a certain amount of dancing, at least the dance music is supplied by the original composer of the work, supposing always that the ballet scenes have not been interwoven with the drama in the original design. We are by no means in favour of expelling the charming Mlle. Salvioni from the operatic stage; but let her appear either in regular divertissements, played by themselves, or in divertissements forming part of the operas in which they are introduced. At neither of our Italian theatres is any difficulty made about bringing in a little bit of ballet, with any one's ballet music, in the middle of no matter what opera. The principle, or rather the custom, is bad, both for musical and for dramatic reasons, and ought to be abandoned. Keep the singers in their places, the dancers in theirs, and let every work thought worthy of being produced be produced as much as possible in accordance with the composer's intentions. Dancing apart, we should like to see this rule applied rigorously to all operas—even to such works as "William Tell," in which the finale, as written by Rossini, never required any emendation at the hands of Mr. Costa.

Since writing the above, we have seen a new dancer—Mlle. Beretta—at her Majesty's Theatre, and she dances so exquisitely and so admirably that it might be worth while to go and see her in "Bacchus and Ariadne," or any other mythological ballet in which she may happen to have a part. Mlle. Beretta came out for the first time between two acts of "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" and, although this system of interlarding is, no doubt, to be condemned, we cannot say that we regretted anything while Mlle. Beretta was dancing—except that the divertissement in which she appeared was sure to be too short. With the exception of Rosati and Ferraris, we can think of no Italian dancers in the present day to be compared with Mlle. Beretta. In step of a purely graceful character and in another of a wild and furiously passionate kind she was equally successful. Possibly, Mlle. Beretta may not be the very first dancer of the day; but what she has hitherto danced she has danced to perfection.

Last Monday was a jubilee night at St. James's Hall. The hundred and fiftieth "Monday Popular" took place, and, of course, the occurrence, or rather the recurrence, had to be celebrated. It was a "centenary" and a "quintagenary" combined; in fact, a terquintagenary. As it is by their quartets that the Monday Popular Concerts have chiefly gained their reputation, it would have been more intelligible had the directors made forty their mystic number. And this reminds us that after nine more concerts the four times forty will arrive! On this occasion we may be allowed to suggest that the programmes do consist entirely of quartets, and that the festival be called a "quater-quadragesary." It did not appear at all extraordinary to us that the Monday Popular Concerts, having once been established, so many as a hundred and fifty of them should by this time have been given. The danger was at the outset. There was a chance that they might not be appreciated by the general public. But we remember only too well how terribly the general public had been surfeited with "miscellaneous concerts"—indigestible masses without form, and, in an artistic sense, entirely void. The Monday Popular Concerts were successful from the very first night. They were the first good concerts to which the public had ever been invited at low prices. The public came, it heard, and it was conquered.

The piano soloist at the hundred and fiftieth of the Monday Popular Concerts was Mme. Arabella Goddard, whose name has been associated with these entertainments from the beginning, and who has probably done more than any other performer towards rendering them really "popular." At the concert of Monday next, M. Wieniawski, the well-known violinist, will reappear.

## OUR FEUILLETON.

## A FRENCH CAUSE CELEBRE.

On Monday morning last a trial commenced in Paris, which has excited intense interest in that city. The following are the facts of the case, as given by the public prosecutor in

## THE INDICTMENT.

At the beginning of November last there lived in a small lodging on the second floor, in the Rue Bonaparte, Paris, a woman of the age of forty-two, who ever since 1838 had been the widow of a painter, named Pauw. She was left without fortune and with three children, the eldest of whom was only eight years old. She courageously struggled against the difficulties of the situation in which she found herself, and worked incessantly to provide for herself and her family. With all this her health was habitually good, and down to the date of November 16 she was in no way ill. But at half-past six in the evening of November 17 this woman, so full of life but the day before, died from the effects of vomiting, with which she had been seized the night before, and the violence and fatal issue of which appeared altogether inexplicable.

This melancholy event produced in the minds of those who were in the habit of seeing the widow Pauw a feeling of painful astonishment, and, taken in connection with various things which she had told them, it gave rise to grave suspicions. These suspicions reached the ear of Madame Guchon, a sister of the deceased, and on Nov. 21 her husband lodged a complaint at the parquet. He confined himself in the first instance to the allegation that the death of widow Pauw might possibly have resulted from poison administered to her by a person interested in an insurance on her life. But before long he spoke more precisely, and from his statements, added to other confirmatory information, it resulted that the widow Pauw had been poisoned, and that a medical man named La Pommerais was the author of the crime. The first thing to be done in presence of this accusation was to ascertain the cause of death. A post-mortem examination was therefore indispensable. Dr. Tardieu examined the corpse on the 30th of November, and reported that he could find no symptoms of any disease, or of any lesion either old or recent which could account for the death. But he said that the absence of any marked lesion, together with certain indications, and particularly the state of the digestive canal, seemed to him to prove that death "had been occasioned by some poisonous substance. The analysis of the viscera would be the only means of arriving at a positive conclusion on the subject." Several other witnesses were examined. A lady named de Ridder, an intimate friend of the deceased, made revelations of the highest importance, which are confirmed by a letter written by the deceased, and which gave new force to the suspicion against La Pommerais. A domiciliary visit made at the house of the accused on December 4 led to the discovery of various papers, and an extraordinary quantity of poisons of all sorts. In particular, a bottle was found which had contained two grammes of digitalis, but in which there remained only fifteen centigrammes. The accused was at the same time called upon to explain himself on the subject of the grave imputations against him, and his explanations were so unsatisfactory that his arrest was ordered.

Drs. Tardieu and Roussin, the experts appointed by the prosecution, made a chemical analysis of the organs of the widow Pauw, and also of the matter vomited by her, which was upon the floor near the bed, and, after many experiments, they made a report which concludes in these words: "Madame Pauw died from poison." Their report on the subject is free from all reserve. They affirm in the most positive manner that the death of Madame Pauw did not result from any affection of the heart or stomach, nor from any accident or disease, or, in fact, from any natural cause whatever. At the same time they show the existence, both in the matter vomited and in the organs themselves, of a very powerful toxic principle, which when tried upon living animals produced upon them effects similar to those experienced by Madame Pauw, and caused them to die in like manner.

As to the substance, by means of which the poisoning was accomplished, the experts think that it must have been digitalis, the effects of which are similar to those observed on Madame Pauw, and subsequently upon the animals on which the experiments were tried.

The next task of the prosecution was to ascertain how and by whom the poison was administered. The very nature of the poison in question proves sufficiently that the death could not have resulted from an accident; neither can it be attributed to suicide, a thing which many witnesses show was never contemplated by Madame Pauw; it was evident that the poison must have been administered by a criminal hand.

The motive was then to be sought for. Assuredly this could neither have been vengeance nor hatred. Madame Pauw had no enemies, neither had she any next of kin interested in her death; the fruits of her labour constituted her only fortune, the sole resource of her three children. Of all her acquaintance one individual alone could be a gainer by her death, and this individual was the accused, La Pommerais. He had known Madame Pauw for several years; he attended her husband in 1838, and, after his death, he very soon became the lover of the widow. Their relations on the footing of lover and mistress continued till the middle of 1861, but in the month of August in that year M. la Pommerais married Mlle. Dubizy, and for more than two years afterwards he never saw Madame Pauw. He even refused to go and see her children when they were ill.

One day, however, in the month of June last, Madame Pauw, to her great surprise, found him once more in her lodgings, and, by way of explanation of his sudden return, he said he had hit upon a plan for providing for her children in the future. He told her that she must not tell any one of the means which he proposed, and, without entering into details, merely said that a life insurance was the thing projected.

Having thus re-established relations with Madame Pauw, he proposed that she should insure her life for a sum of 550,000f. (£22,000), that he would pay the premiums, and that she should assign the policies to him. But it being obvious that in this way neither Madame Pauw nor her children would get any benefit, La Pommerais added that he could manage to get for her an almost immediate income by this arrangement. He suggested that a little while after the policy was effected she should pretend to be seriously ill, and make the insurance office believe she was on the point of death; then he would go to the company and propose to them to cancel the policy on the terms of paying her a life annuity of 6000f. (£210) to run from Jan. 1, 1864. He would share this annuity with her, and in this way she would be better off than she had ever been before in her life. Madame Pauw had not the courage to reject this strange proposal. She shut her eyes to the dishonesty of the speculation. She blindly consented to let him arrange the matter as he desired. But, while La Pommerais managed the whole matter, he took care not to come into direct contact with the insurance companies. He introduced Madame Pauw to a broker named Desmidt, through whom he had only recently become acquainted in all the various combinations of life insurance. Desmidt was instructed to tell the companies that a rich Frenchman, the Count de la Pommerais, wishing to provide for the children he had by Madame Pauw, desired to insure her life, which was an excellent one, for their benefit. On this representation six French companies and two Anglo-French companies agreed to issue policies on Madame Pauw's life for the total sum of 550,000f. The eight policies were signed between the 8th and 21st of July, and the annual premiums agreed to be paid amounted to 18,240f. (£750.) The first premiums were paid, through Desmidt, by La Pommerais; and thenceforth his only thought was how to get the benefit of the insurances which he had effected. He began by getting all the policies transferred to himself by Madame Pauw's indorsement, in which she was made to admit that she had received from him sums of money equal to the amounts mentioned in the respective policies; and separate deeds repeated the same story. Doubting afterwards whether he was sufficiently secure against all possible claims on the part of Madame Pauw's next of kin, he consulted an avoué without telling him that the policies

were already signed, or that they amounted to 550,000f., and told him that he had lent considerable sums of money to Madame Pauw, amounting altogether to 100,000f., and that she had promised to insure her life for that amount, the premiums of which he would pay, on condition that he was to receive the amount of the policy on the death of his debtor. A deed was accordingly drawn up for carrying this contract into effect; but it is plain that La Pommerais' only object was to get the form of a deed to effect his project. Accordingly, on Aug. 31 he got the widow Pauw to sign another deed, exactly in the same form, but stating the amount at 550,000f., instead of 100,000f., and showing, as the fact was, that the insurance had already been effected, and that the eight policies were in his hands.

But even when he was in possession of all these deeds, in which he was made to appear as a creditor of Madame Pauw, he did not yet think himself sufficiently secure against her relations, and he got her to sign a will in which she repeated that the eight policies were his property, and moreover bequeathed to him all that she could by law leave, and also even went so far as to say that she gave him the interest of the part reserved for her children, without his being called upon to give security.

The time now came for the accused so to act that all the pairs he had taken might not be futile and unproductive. The death of Madame Pauw was the only event which could relieve him from the payment of annual premiums quite beyond his means, and at the same time put him in possession of the 550,000f., which he was most eager to touch. The next premium was due in the month of January. It was very material to him to avoid making the payment, and accordingly he hastened the execution of his guilty design.

He had long prepared himself with the necessary poison. As far back as the month of June, when he renewed his relations with Madame Pauw, he bought a gramme of digitalis, and a week later he bought two grammes. He perfectly well knew that this poison leaves no trace behind; but it was important for him to be able to explain in a more or less plausible manner the vomiting which digitalis never fails to cause. With this object, he reminded Madame Pauw, as soon as he had got the will from her, that in order to get her policies bought up by the insurance offices upon advantageous terms it was necessary that she should simulate an illness.

She at once followed his counsels, and one day in September, a window-frame having fallen down with a great noise upon her stairs, she took the opportunity of saying that she had had violent fall; and after that time she complained frequently of a pain in the stomach. She went further. With the view of preparing for the pretended illness which she was to counterfeit, she went to consult several physicians, who, without proceeding to any sufficiently close examination to verify her statements, gave her prescriptions, which she took care never to follow, but handed over at once to La Pommerais. The month of November came without Madame Pauw, although she continually talked of her illness and her pain in the stomach, ever ceasing to busy herself with her ordinary occupations.

At La Pommerais' suggestion Madame Pauw procured from the office of the *État Civil* the certificate of her birth, which would be requisite to be produced to receive the amount of the policies after her death, and which could not have been wanted for any other purpose. When he had got together all the papers he required, he told Madame Pauw to keep her bed, and give out that she was worse than ever. She did not leave her room after the 12th of November, and always wore a nightcap, as if she were ill, in order the better to deceive the doctors who it was expected the companies would send to visit her. La Pommerais said he would make her take something to cause agitation. Meanwhile her health was in reality excellent, and she was, moreover, extremely cheerful.

In La Pommerais' injunctions to secrecy did not prevent her from telling several of her friends and neighbours what she was hoping for. "If the thing succeeds," she said, "my fortune and that of my children is made." She repeated frequently that on the policies being bought up she was to have 3000f. (£120) a year. All she had to do was to make the doctors believe that she was really ill, and to keep her bed for about a fortnight.

On Friday, Nov. 13, she wrote to her friend Madame de Ridder, beg her to come the next day to spend the evening. The tone of her letter indicated contentment and hope. "The doctors," she said, ironically, "think I am very ill. I have great hopes, according to what he said to me yesterday, that if the thing succeeds I shall get 3000f. a year. I will tell you all about it to-morrow." The visits of the accused became more and more frequent. He sent word to Madame Pauw that he should come to pass Saturday evening with her, and as he wanted particularly to be with her alone, the rascals were with Madame de Ridder was countermanded.

No sensible change, however, yet appeared in the health of the pretended sick person. On the Monday at five o'clock she dined in company with the two Misses Biord and their mother. She afterwards begged a neighbour, Madame Delattre, to get a bottle of essence for her, and she made a toilet with a care and attention which showed her to be in very good health. She expected a visit from La Pommerais. He came at about eight o'clock. He stayed with her a long while, and nobody else saw her till the morning of the next day. At half-past six the widow Pigeote, who came as usual to bring the bread, was surprised to find the key outside the door, whereas it was Madame Pauw's habit to take it inside. This woman went into the bed-room and found Madame Pauw in a terrible state. Her face betrayed great suffering; her bed and all the flooring near it were stained by vomiting. Madame Pigeote at once called up Félicité and Adolphe Pauw, who slept in the entresol. They came up directly, but their mother told them that she had only an indisposition, and wished to be left alone. At eight o'clock La Pommerais came again and remained for a long while alone with Madame Pauw.

It was evident that she was in a dangerous state. But he called for no assistance; he spoke to no one about her; and left her suffering as she was. She felt no uneasiness about herself. She knew that, to get the 3000f. a year, it was necessary that she should appear to be seriously ill! Besides, La Pommerais had reassured her. She said to her daughter Félicité, "He tells me that I have the cholera, and that I shall be ill for twenty-four hours." Now, the word cholera did not frighten her at all, because La Pommerais told her that he had had it himself and had cured himself in twenty-four hours by means of a medicament which he would bring her. So far, therefore, from asking her daughters to nurse her, she ordered them to go to school as usual. But after they had gone she got worse and worse, and received no attention, except from her neighbour, Madame Delattre, who came to her every now and then. At one o'clock Dr. Gaudinot, whom she had often consulted, came to see her. He had accepted without mistrust her own account, and really believed that she had fallen down stairs, and had been suffering in consequence. When he learned from Madame Delattre that she had not followed his prescriptions he became very angry, and went away without examining her, and without her attempting to keep him.

Shortly after this, and at about two o'clock, La Pommerais came again, and was again alone with her. He could not have failed to have perceived that her state was much worse, and yet he went away without prescribing any of those measures which the commonest humanity would have dictated. At half-past six Madame Pauw died, just as Dr. Blackey, who had been sent for, arrived. The accused returned for the third time at eight o'clock. Mlle. Huilmond, whom he met on the staircase, told him of Madame Pauw's death. This news caused him no surprise, no emotion. He went up stairs, coolly approached the corpse, assured himself that Madame Pauw was actually dead, and then withdrew, leaving it to be supposed that her death had really been caused by a fall on the staircase. "That is all nonsense," exclaimed Mlle. Huilmond; "Madame Pauw never fell down stairs." And as La Pommerais appeared to insist, "Don't swear," she said to him, "you know well enough that I know all about Madame de Pauw's affair." He but too well knew, also, what was the cause of this woman's death. Widow Pauw was poisoned by La Pommerais in the evening of Nov. 16. The accused was the last person who saw her that night. He admits that she was seized with that vomiting which furnishes to science the proof that the poison must have been administered

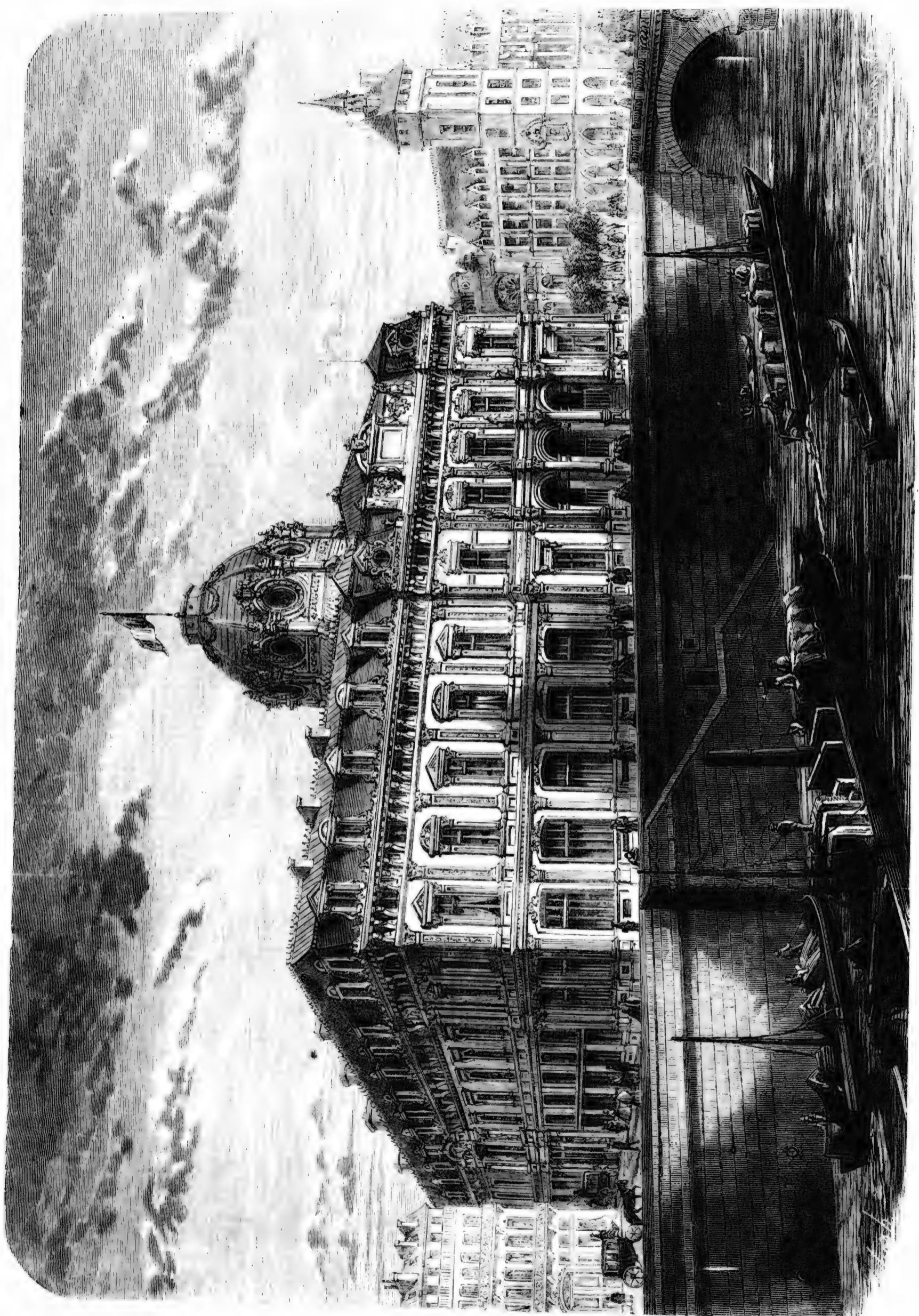
some moments before. The next day he saw her twice; he was again alone with her, and nothing could have been more easy than to repeat the dose of poison if he thought it needful. He alone had an interest to commit the crime, and he had evidently imagined it at the moment when he made Madame Pauw effect these insurances which cannot be explained on any other hypothesis. What other motive in point of fact could have actuated him? Did Madame Pauw really owe him, as the deed of Aug. 31 says, a sum of 550,000f.? He himself was forced to admit, at the opening of the investigation, that this figure was most exaggerated. He at first reduced it to 150,000f. or 100,000f.; subsequently he confessed that that sum was far beyond the truth, and ultimately he said that 25,000f. was the sum really due to him from her. But on his own confession 13,000f. out of this 25,000f. were not given to Madame Pauw till the end of September, and consequently long after the conclusion of the treatise of insurance. In reality, these loans or gifts amounted to but very small sums, and it was from other people, for the most part, that Madame Pauw received the aid which her straitened circumstances rendered necessary. But be this as it may, and admitting for a moment that the latest declarations of the accused, it would be for the sake of a sum of 12,000f. that he made Madame Pauw effect insurances for 550,000f. It was, upon his own showing, to save himself the loss of that small sum that he took upon himself the burden of paying every year a premium of nearly 19,000f. And even this engagement he was not in a condition to fulfil. He had trouble enough to make up the money for the first payment, and he would very soon have found it impossible to go on paying; and yet he knew full well that if he dropped the policies all the sums paid upon them would have been utterly lost. But his intention clearly was so to act that the renewal of the premiums should never be necessary; and on the very day when he called to renew his acquaintance with his old mistress the crime was resolved upon in his own mind. He had then already provided himself with a really enormous quantity of digitalis. Three grammes of digitalis were purchased by him on the 11th and 19th of June, and of this only fifteen centigrammes were found in his house. What did he do with the rest? He could not have given it to his patients, for that drug is not used in the homeopathic system of medicine which he practices, or, at all events, only in very minute doses. He does not, moreover, give the name of any person to whom he furnished digitalis. He says, indeed, that he sent some to medical brethren who live in the provinces, but he cannot mention the name of any one of them. The death of Madame Pauw explains but too well what became of the missing digitalis. To the overwhelming charges against him he replies by flat denials. He says he never dreamt of taking the life of Madame Pauw, and he insinuates that, if she really did die of poison, she must have taken it herself when in a state of despair. But this insinuation is repudiated not only by all the friends of Madame Pauw but also by the conduct of the accused himself on the 19th of November. Is it not evident that if Madame Pauw had received the poison from any other hands than his own he, when he found her so ill on Tuesday, after leaving her quite well on Monday, would have been anxious about her state, and would have endeavoured to ascertain the cause? The profound study of the nature of poison which he admits himself to have made renders it impossible that he should have been ignorant of the nature of the illness under which Madame Pauw was suffering. His inaction in presence of such symptoms, the care which he took to say nothing to give alarm or to cause assistance to be sent for, and with all that his return to the house at two and a half o'clock, would be inexplicable if we did not know that it was he himself who administered the poison to Madame Pauw, and that he came to see how it was working. Her death so little surprised him, and he was so impatient to touch the 550,000 francs for which he had committed the crime, that as soon as Madame Pauw was dead he wrote to the eight companies to ask for the money; and then, fearing the difficulties which might arise from the existence of children of Madame Pauw, and wishing to have it believed that he was acting in conjunction with those whose duty it was to watch over their interests, he dictated to his sister a letter, to which he made her sign the name of an imaginary advocate, by which letter it was made to appear that the advocate had come to an understanding with him as to the measures to be taken in the interests of the minors.

La Pommerais, however, has pretended that, far from being actuated by a feeling of cupidity, he acted throughout in the interests of the children; and, in support of this allegation, he produces a deed, dated the 20th of last August, by which he declares that he gives up to Madame Pauw's children the benefit of the policies assigned to him. But it was soon apparent that this deed was not serious. La Pommerais had it in his own possession, and no duplicate was found in Madame Pauw's house, so that nobody could have availed himself of it unless the accused chose to reveal its existence. Besides, this deed is revoked by that of the 31st of August, in which the assignment of the policies was confirmed by Madame Pauw, without any reserve in favour of the children. When he was arrested La Pommerais produced in his justification twenty-three letters written to him by Madame Pauw, between June 10 and Nov. 16, from which it would appear that the sort of insurance adopted by the deceased was chosen by herself after mature consideration, and in spite of objections made; that her object was to indemnify La Pommerais for all the money sacrifices which he had made for her, and which had been continued after the signature of the contract with the insurance offices; it was stated, moreover, in these letters that at the latter end of September she had such a violent fall on the stairs that she thought she should have died on the spot, and that the person who ran to fetch a doctor did not expect to find her alive on his return, and that ever since June 20 she had been so ill that her doctor had prescribed her digitalis in large quantities.

It is easy to see that most of the facts mentioned in these letters are in no respect conformable to truth. For instance, on Sept. 28, Madame Pauw thanked La Pommerais "on her knees" for having sent her 30,000f., and the accused himself admits that he never gave her so large a sum. Moreover, the inquiry has established that Madame Pauw did not have a fall in the month of September, and that she was in very good health up to Nov. 16, and that at the time when the assurances were effected, and consequently after June 21, the physician to the companies ascertained she was in perfect health. Why, therefore, do her letters speak of her sufferings and of her taking digitalis?

None of these letters were written spontaneously by Madame Pauw. They were all dictated by La Pommerais with a view to their being used for his justification. Madame Pauw wrote them, thinking they would be used to prove her pretended illness to the companies, and induce them to accede to the arrangement contrived between her and La Pommerais. He took them away as soon as they were written; they bear no postmark, and not one of them has ever been crumpled in a way which a letter is when it passes through several hands. Besides, while Madame Pauw always speaks in them as if she never saw La Pommerais, it is certain that at the dates of 12th, 14th, and 16th of November, which the three last letters bear, she received visits from him. Her daughter Félicité declares that he made her mother write letters in his presence, and that he took them away with him. These, then, are the letters which, prepared by the accused with a view to his defence, do, in fact, add weight to the charge against him. These letters are not the only ones which he dictated to Madame Pauw. The day after her death several of her relations, and particularly her father and sister, received letters written by her, in which she tells them that she is very ill, and begs them to come immediately, if they would find her alive. These letters, not dated, but put into the post on the evening of Nov. 19, a few moments after Madame Pauw had breathed her last, were intended to make the relations believe that she had really had a serious illness, and to prevent any other suspicion. The accused had got her to write these letters six weeks before they were sent. She told Mlle. Huilmond at the time, and, according to the expression of this witness, it pained her so much to write them that she cried about it.

There is a second indictment, accusing La Pommerais of having, in 1861, poisoned his mother-in-law, Madame Debizy, by digitalis.



THE NEW CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, PARIS.—SEE PAGE 314.

**MR. F. GOODALL, R.A.**

Of the artists whose pictures form the exhibition of the Royal Academy this year there are few whose names are more familiar to the public than that of Mr. Frederick Goodall, since his works have generally been of a character which ensures general appreciation and a continued popularity.

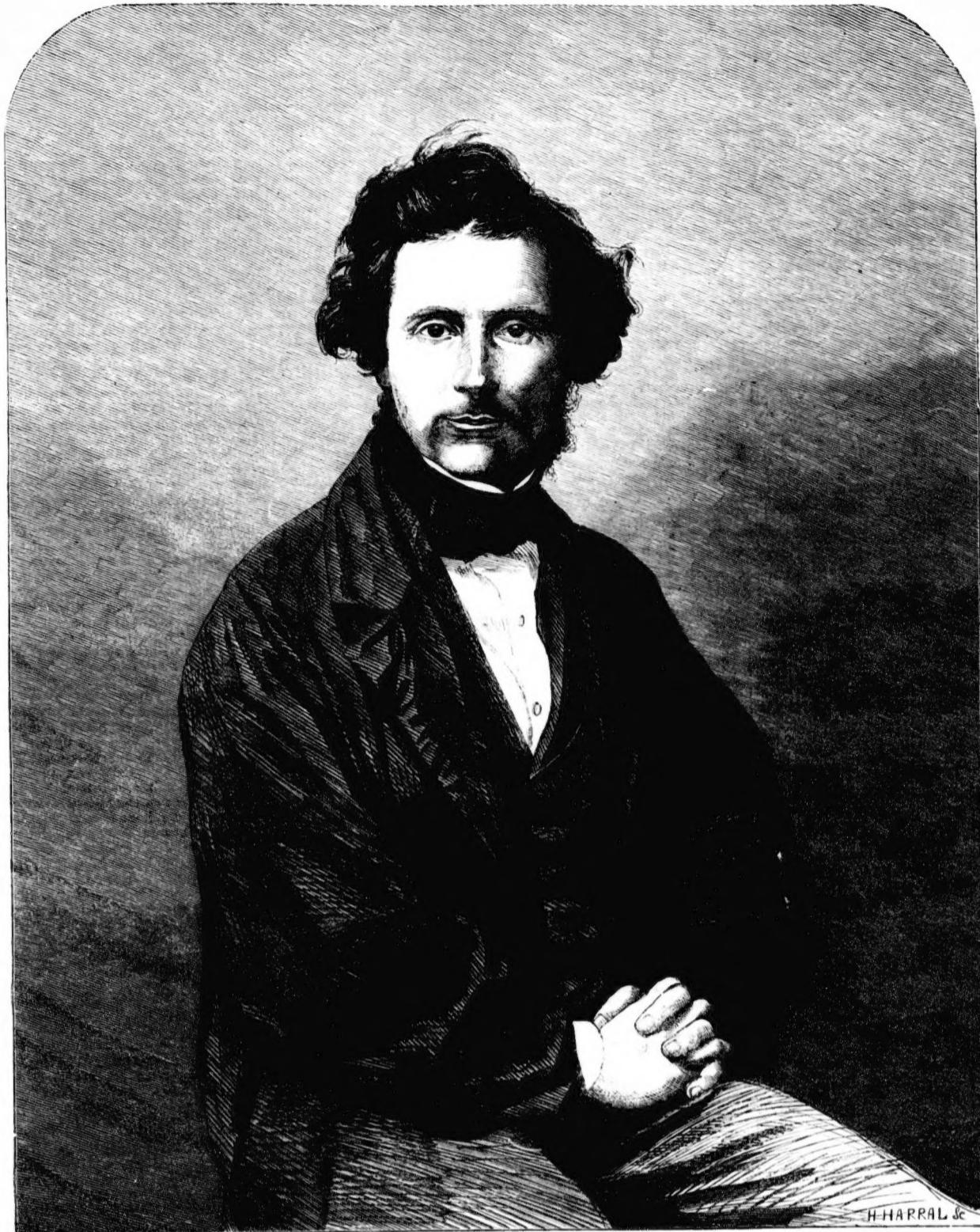
Having recently attained the rank of a Royal Academician from that of an Associate, Mr. Goodall exhibits as his diploma picture, "The Song of the Nubian Slave," one of the results of that journey in Syria which succeeded his tours in Normandy, Brittany, and North Wales.

Another still more successful work is "The Arab Messenger at the Well of Moses," while "Sunny Hours"—the scene of which is a cool *plaisance* where an old English family is singing madrigals—shows that he can still return to those subjects which display his earlier qualifications.

Mr. Goodall may be said to have been born an artist in more than one sense, for he is the son of the self-taught engraver who attained such professional eminence by his reproduction of some of Turner's most celebrated pictures, and who seems to have learned his art by having associated, from an early age, with the best painters and engravers of the time.

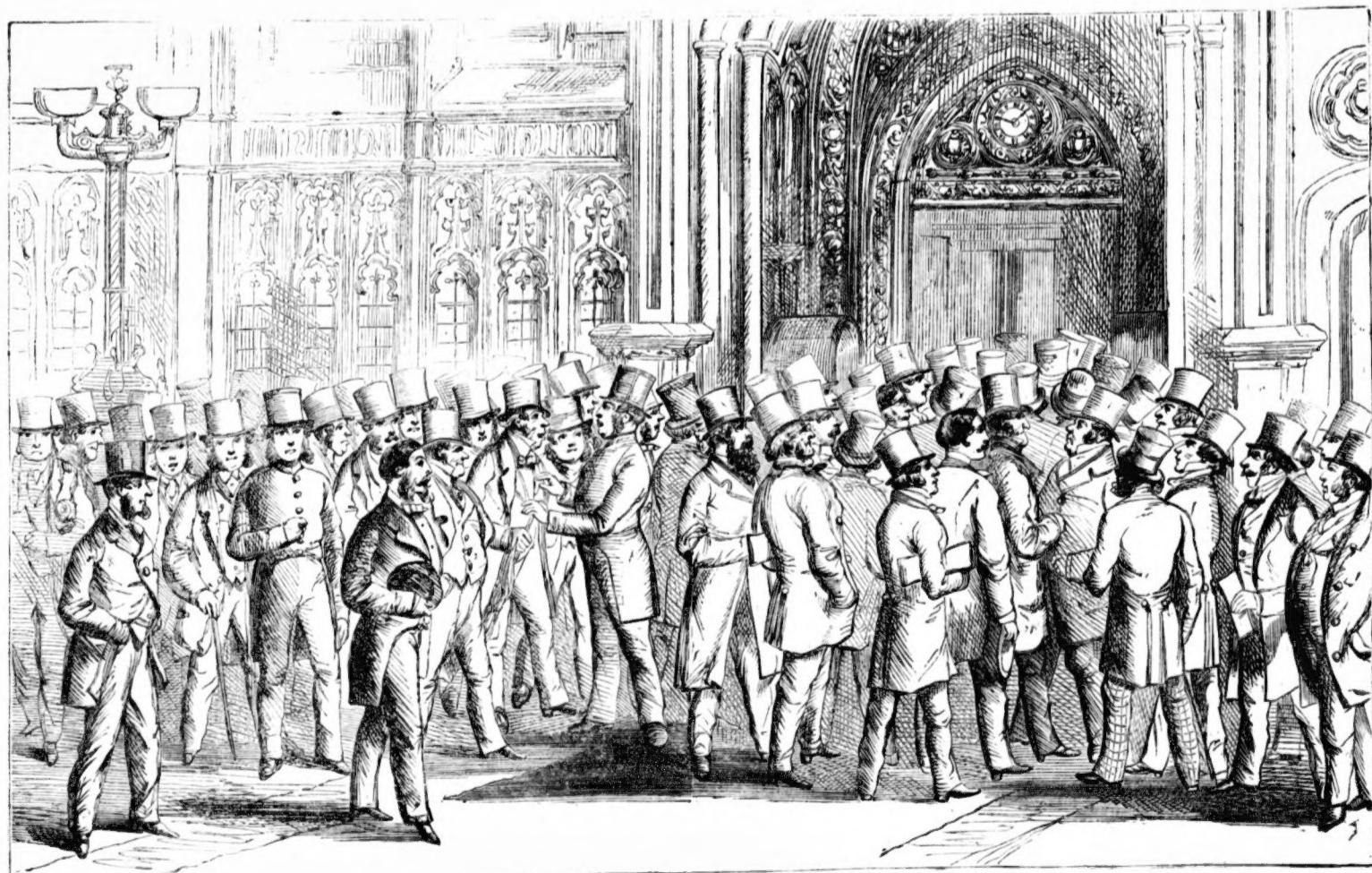
Under his tuition our present Artist made such progress that in 1836, when he was only fourteen years of age, he gained the Iris medal of the Society of Arts for a drawing of Lambeth Palace; and soon afterwards his first oil painting, "Finding the Dead Body of a Miner by Torchlight," gained for him the society's large silver medal. It is not a little remarkable that the young artist had been at first intended for an engraver, but the course of training through which he passed under his father's direction and his own skill caused this plan to be set aside in favour of making him a painter. He never received any other lessons than those given by his parental tutor, who at the very outset instilled into him the necessity for varying his studies, and who, although he commenced with the idea of becoming

a landscape-painter, kept him during the winter months at figure-drawing and the study of anatomy. In the summer months, for the first three years, he sketched from Nature in the vicinity of London, devoting a great part of the time at the Zoological Gardens to sketching the animals, and so gaining facility for drawing objects in motion. For the first drawing, to which we have already alluded (Lambeth Palace), he received the commission from Mr. R. H. Solly; and the oil painting for which he gained the medal was composed from one of the numerous drawings made during his residence with Mr. Page, then acting engineer for the construction of the Thames Tunnel. It was by the advice of Sir Isambard Brunel that the young artist first visited Normandy, whither he was accompanied by his father, in 1838. He was then only sixteen years of age, and when he reached Rouen was so enchanted with that picturesque city that he did not wish to go any further, and ultimately induced his father to leave him there with ten pounds in his pocket. This, he says, was his first lesson in economy; for, after staying there for a fortnight, and going down the Seine to Havre, he came back to London, bringing £5 with him. He continued to study, travelling both in Normandy and Brittany until 1842, and producing several pictures, which soon found a place in the galleries of some of the most distinguished collectors of the day. In 1839 he exhibited at the Royal Academy one of those pictures which were the results of his Normandy journey. Under the title of "Cardplayers" it represented the interior of a cabaret, with a group of French soldiers playing at cards, and some children amusing themselves under the table. Soon afterwards two pictures, exhibited at the British Institution—"Entering Church" and "The Soldier Defeated"—attracted the attention of Mr. S. Rogers, the poet, who pointed them out to Mr. Wells, by whom one was bought, Sir W. James securing the other, to which he commissioned the artist to paint a companion picture. These two gentlemen became liberal patrons to the young artist, and the house of Mr. Wells, at Redleaf, became



FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

H. HARRAL & CO.



THE LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—MEMBERS HURRYING TO A DIVISION.

his home whenever he pleased to stay there—an opportunity of no little importance, since he was able to study the very beautiful collection of modern pictures within its walls. In 1844 Mr. Goodall went on a trip to Ireland, another locality hitherto new to British art. Here, after experiencing some humorous difficulties in overcoming the reluctance of the people to be sketched, and their suspicions that he was a tithe proctor, a spy, a Poor-Law Commissioner, or a proselytising missionary, he spent some time amongst the fishermen of Galway; the results of his trip being several excellent pictures which materially added to his fame—such as "Connemara Market-Girl," "The Fairy-struck Child," "Irish Courting," "The Holy Well," "The Irish Piper," "The Departure of the Emigrants," &c.; which were purchased respectively by Sir J. Wigram, Lord Overstone, Mr. Broderip, Mr. Wetherel, and others.

In 1845 Mr. Goodall paid another visit to Brittany, and once more made a thoroughly artistic use of his visit by adding to his series of already popular pictures.

In 1847 his fame was greatly increased by "The Village Festival," which was purchased by Mr. Vernon; and after his "Raising the Maypole," painted in 1851, he was elected an Associate of the Academy in the following year.

Amongst the great variety of pictures which Mr. Goodall has produced by hard study and untiring industry, there is a wide range of subjects: from the expressive sadness of "The Soldier's Dream" and "The Angel's Whisper," to the soft beauty of "Allegro" and the charming domestic incident of "The Swing." These domestic pictures have most of them become popular, and "Hunt the Slipper," "The Post Office," and "The Tired Soldier," already alluded to, challenge public appreciation with "The Gipsy Encampment" and some of the artist's later works, the fruits of his Eastern experiences.

#### THE NEW TRIBUNAL OF COMMERCE, BOULEVARD SEBASTOPOL, PARIS.

THE new Tribunal of Commerce built on the bank of the Seine occupies about 5000 yards of the ground which was formerly the old Cité, and is now the corner of the left branch of the Boulevard Sébastopol.

La Cité, which was the ancient nucleus of Paris, and was until late years a complete mass of tall, rickety, old houses, abutting on narrow lanes and questionable slums, combined with the other island of St. Louis to break up the stream of the Seine, between the points at which it entered and left the capital. The cathedral of Notre Dame, the Palais de Justice, and the Sainte Chapelle are situated on the Cité; while the Hotel Lambert and the church of St. Louis occupy the other island, once called "Ile des Vaches," from the cows which formerly grazed upon it.

The magnificent building which is now erected stands opposite the Palais de Justice, and, from its proximity to the river, several difficulties had to be overcome before the works could be commenced, since, in consequence of the permeable nature of the soil, it was necessary to remove an enormous mass of rubbish before the foundation could be made sufficiently solid to support so large a superstructure; and this was only effected by means of a great timber frame composed of enormous beams serving as a basis of operations for the stonework. The dome, which forms as it were the axis of the new boulevard, is so placed as to command an immense perspective, embracing the terminus of the Eastern Railway, and the colossal Strasbourg statue. This dome measures 170 ft. from the ground to the summit, and is pierced with *wils-de-bois* surmounting the pediments, which are to be decorated with groups of statues and sculptured decorations.

The general style of the edifice, which is admirably harmonious, is that of the Renaissance period, and the building is destined for the Consuls des Prud'hommes, and the various officers who occupy the ground floor and the lobbies. The Tribunal of Commerce occupying the first floor is composed of a large audience-chamber, a waiting-room, committee-rooms, council-rooms, and a large number of offices devoted to the different departments.

Immediately under the dome is situated a fine doubly-branching staircase, lighted partly from the top and partly by open communication from without. This is not the least remarkable feature of the new building. On the second floor are the offices of the Recorder, the Registrar, the Accountant, and some others; above these again are the depots for the archives and some of the minor departments. The models for the sculpture of the exterior have been furnished by M. Lépètré, and those of the interior by M. Charrier, while their execution has been confided to several sculptors under the direction of these artists. The whole building reflects great honour upon the architect, M. Baily, under whose superintendence the whole of the works have been carried out, and to whom modern Paris already owes many of its most remarkable edifices. We may mention that the Judges of this Tribunal are selected from the leading merchants of the capital, and that its jurisdiction extends over all cases of bankruptcy, as well as other commercial affairs under the direction of the Conseil des Prud'hommes. There are about a hundred of these tribunals in France; and so successful are they in preventing litigation that, out of the 4000 cases which, on the average, annually come before them, 3880 are settled amicably. Two thirds of the cases relate to questions of wages. Each council is composed, in equal numbers, of masters and men, chosen by the classes whom they respectively represent, and the members serve gratuitously.

In addition to the magnificent Boulevard Sébastopol, another grand boulevard is about to be opened in Paris. It commences at the Bastille and traverses the twelfth arrondissement from the north-west to the south-east, forming the continuation of the Rue de Rivoli to the fortifications. On emerging from the Place de la Bastille it will follow the line of the Rue de Lyon for some distance. It will then follow the arcades of the Vincennes Railway to the Rue de Charenton and emerge at the former Barrière de Neuilly. The width of this new Boulevard is to be increased between the Place de Neuilly and the Gate of Picpus to 120 ft. It is to be 100 ft. wide between the Place de Bastille and the Place de Neuilly. A square is to be opened at the angle of the avenue of Vincennes and the Rue de Charenton, on which a residence for the Mayor of the twelfth arrondissement is to be erected. The new boulevard will be placed in communication with the Place du Trône and the quays by the Boulevard Mazas, which it will cross side by side with the Vincennes Railway. It will communicate with the Place de Rambouillet by the street of that name, whence three new streets are to emerge, which will be traversed by a new boulevard commencing at the Place du Trône, between the Avenue Bel Air and the Boulevard Mazas.

#### THE LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. MEMBERS HURRYING TO A DIVISION.

MR. POPPLETON, the member for the Swilltown boroughs, came into Parliament at a general election. He was before his election in no way connected with Swilltown, but wanting a seat in Parliament, and hearing that Swilltown wanted a member, he went to Swilltown and got elected; and this is how he did it. Swilltown is a seedy, decayed old seaport, if seaport now it can be called, for no ships now come to Swilltown. There is, however, an ancient, rickety jetty, some hundred yards long; and about a score of venerable salts still venture out into the bay for fish. Even when Poppleton was reconnoitring a happy idea struck him. "Fine situation this. Good for a harbour of refuge. I must work that notion." And straightway he went to the Mayor, and the Mayor called together the aldermen and council, and then summoned the commonalty to the Moat Hall; and in the council-room, and at the Moat Hall Poppleton worked his notion so cleverly, and opened up before the astonished eyes of the Swilltonians such visions of glory, that he took the town by storm. "Poppleton for ever! Poppleton, the sailors friend!" rang through the streets for many a night, and when the nomination day came Poppleton was elected without a show of opposition. This, then, was the way in which Poppleton gained his seat for Swilltown; and, of course, the hon. member, as soon as Parliament assembled, prepared to redeem his pledge. He put a

notice of motion on the paper for a Select Committee to inquire into the propriety of making Swilltown a harbour of refuge, and then he set to work to get up a speech. But Poppleton was a long time before he could get the notice before the House. Twice he found himself stranded at two o'clock in the morning. Once he was missing when his name was called, and at last, when he had fairly got afloat, he was counted out, and done for that Session. But, nil desperandum. Next Session he was again on the alert, and at length the day—the great important day—came, and Poppleton found himself on his legs, with no fear of a count out because it was a Government night. Now, then, Poppleton is in all his glory. True, there were not many members present, but evidently he had got the ear of the House, for it only did the members listen, but they cheered. Indeed, they cheered so generally, that it was clear to Poppleton that he had a majority. By Jove! thought he, I shall beat the Government; and, inspired by this thought, he became still more eloquent and impassioned, and evoked still more enthusiastic cheers, and when he sat down he felt confident that the game was won. "I shall beat the Government hollow," said he to a friend. But did he beat the Government and get the Committee? Alas! no. There was one little fact of which Poppleton was entirely ignorant to wit, that there were more members "about" than there were in the house. He soon, however, discovered his error; for, after the Minister had replied in his easy, polite, perfunctory manner, the question was put. The bells rang, and then, to the astonishment of Poppleton, upwards of two hundred men rushed in, who, knowing no more about Swilltown than Adam, all voted against him, and, instead of victory, his motion was kicked out by a majority of five to one. Yes, reader, this is the way ambitious Poppletons are crushed in the house. If you will look at the accompanying Engraving you will see how the members pour in to a division. "But then such can know nothing about the question?" No, of course not. "How, then, can they vote conscientiously?" To which we reply, in the words of a worthy Irish member, "The best way to keep a clear conscience in voting is to march in and vote without asking a word about the question. I never vote so conscientiously as when I know nothing about the question."

#### Literature.

*Force and Matter. Empirico-Philosophical Studies, intelligibly rendered.* With an additional introduction, expressly written for this Edition. By Dr. LOUIS BÜCHNER, President of the Medical Association of Hessen-Darmstadt, &c. Edited from the last Edition of "Kraft und Stoff." By J. FREDERICK COLLINGWOOD, F.R.S., L.F.G.S. Trübner and Co.

Our first duty, in noticing this book, is, perhaps, towards the English editor, Mr. Collingwood, who expressly admits that its "matter may not be new to well-informed persons, as it does not aim at original scientific investigation;" and goes on to say that it is not "entirely in accordance with his opinions, because he cannot always subscribe either to the facts or the inferences."

"Kraft und Stoff" is an attempt, which has had great success on the Continent and some success in America, to popularise, in a series of discursive, sketchy essays, that way of taking the balance-sheet of the universe which our forefathers used to sum up in the bugbear word Materialism, but which is now called Positivism. The manner of the author is extremely unpleasant; and, after allowing for his having had his face badly scratched by the old women who fancy themselves everywhere the advanced guard of truth, we cannot acquit him of hardness, flippancy, and that total want of self-distrust which is one of the most serious of all disqualifications for the discussion of the greatest questions. There is one class of persons to whom we can recommend the book—namely, those who are as self-sufficient on the other side as Dr. Büchner is on his. Large numbers of ministers of religion, who would find Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Psychology" or "First Principles" a very hard nut to crack, may, without labour, get from "Force and Matter" what they do not at present possess—some notion of the real nature of the thing they call "modern infidelity." At present it must be said of the majority of those who attack writers like Dr. Büchner that they are so hideously ignorant of the whole subject that the possibility of fair (not to say fertile) discussion begins upon a platform of information which they have not reached. It is greatly to be regretted, however, for all reasons, that this German gentleman is so signally wanting in tenderness and elevation of tone. If he could only have imported a little of it out of Feuerbach it would have made his book much more useful, even for his own ends.

Dr. Büchner appears to have had to deal with charges of personal immorality made by opponents against adherents of his own creed, and he very rightly says that that kind of talk is not argument. No, certainly not. But there is another thing to be said in this connection. If a man says to me, "Your proposed waterworks will drain off the Thames and dry it up," it is fair to reply either that they will do nothing of the kind, or "I have nothing to do with you and your Thames." Thus it is a fair answer to a charge of immoral tendency in certain teaching, either that the teaching is not immoral, or that every truth must stand separately on its own merits. But if, again, a man draws such a map of London that the Thames becomes impossible as a fact, then it is also fair to say "Your map must be wrong, for I have seen the Thames." And thus it is logically just to say to Dr. Büchner, "Your balance-sheet of the universe is forged. It omits quantities which I know to exist. It is a mere natural history of things, and excludes the possibility of morals, except as enforced customs. Therefore it is false, for the reality of absolute moral truth (though not of inviolable moral formulæ) can be established on independent grounds." This has, for substance, been already said to Dr. Büchner, and will, by almost every reader, be said again.

As a matter of fact, the *opinion* of a book being beyond the pale of ordinary criticism, all we need say is that there are plenty of people who snap their fingers at these ugly "facts," which are so pertinaciously flung into our faces. A modern Lockist, like Mr. Smart, would probably swallow them all, and keep his Christianity. There is no reason why Mr. Mansel should not do the same. Thinkers of that school will simply dispute the inferences. Others will deny the universal postulate; and so Dr. Büchner has nothing final to say to the Pantheist, the Theistic Agnostic, or the Mystic. It is very curious that Positivists do not perceive that the moment their principle is attacked and put on its defence it must, in its turn, become a Metaphysic, and take shelter for its life under translated forms of the very ideas it repudiates as indemonstrable. The attitude they are at present forced to assume prevents their seeing that they are only turning head-over-heels in the air as much as any of the metaphysical folks whom they abuse; that science is only analysis; that by adding zero to zero for ever they can never get beyond zero.

It matters little on what ground the battle is fought. The question of the *vis medicatrix naturae* will do as well as another. Dr. Büchner denies, like other Positivists, the existence of a curative tendency in nature. Then, let us ask—Is pleasure normal? Is pain normal? or is "normal," a word without meaning? The second alternative Dr. Büchner will hardly maintain. To be consistent, he should maintain the third. But, then, what is the meaning of his function as a physician? If he maintains the first—namely, that pleasure is normal, he grants ground enough to receive a lover which may be made to overturn his scheme of things, considered as *unnatural*. The effort made to get rid of pain and wrong is a protest against its existence—an assertion that it contradicts the tendency of things. If Dr. Büchner denies the tendency, why write books? If he admits it, he admits enough to imply conscience, or *moral* in things. That being granted, it only remains to consider whether Theism be not "the indispensable postulate of conscience." It might still be logically open to Dr. Büchner and his school to fall back upon "Force," eternally "conserved;" but when once it is admitted by the hypothesis that the *tendency* of the Force is towards good, what is gained by the substitution of the providence of a principle for the providence of a person?

We may say, in conclusion, that very few people will, we think, care for the tedious personalities of the long prefaces prefixed to this edition, and that a good many will be sorry to miss the short paragraph with which the work formerly concluded (the edition we have before us is the second German edition). Even if the Galileo story is apocryphal it is a pretty bit of mythology, and the general tone of the passage committed the author to a faith which one now suspects he may have lost.

Dr. Büchner, in his haste, commits himself to a great many obvious blunders and contradictions. In the chapter on "Brain and Soul" he says, "Short-necked individuals are lively and passionate; long-necked persons are calm and sedate, the brain in the latter being more distant from the heart"—which is twaddle as to the reason given, and absurdly false in fact; for a long neck is the almost universal accompaniment of the high nervous temperament. On page 92 he quotes Darwin, to the effect that "the eye is yet susceptible of a much greater development before arriving at the greatest perfection;" while, on page 204, he argues against the resurrection of the body in a higher form, on the ground that "the human body is composed of the most delicate and most perfect organs, and cannot be conceived to become still finer and more perfect." It would be easy to multiply instances of this kind from the pages before us.

*The Bar Sinister. A Tale.* By CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

In one respect, at least, "The Bar Sinister" may be pronounced preferable to the ordinary run of novels—the story is contained in two volumes instead of three; and, had it been further compressed into one volume instead of two, the improvement would have been greater still. This is an everyday objection, and common to every novel written, as well as to many other works; but, although it seems hopeless to make it time after time, it is necessary to do so until authors or publishers give way to the interests of the public. These two volumes contain a story of some fair interest, worked out amongst some good characters, serious or amusing, and descriptions, principally of French people and scenery, sufficiently vivid to show that Mr. Collins has "been abroad," although his descriptions of ways and things French do not involve more than that wonderful newness which every British traveller is certain to detect by the end of his first fortnight in Paris. The French people are made to say "bah" and "hein"—which could not have been detected in French conversation without very great labour; and a certain humour is supposed to consist in turning good French into literal English, thus completely upsetting the value and gravity of both languages. These are boyish freaks of observation, or whatever it may be, and do no harm; but, as they do no good, a writer might as well avoid them, and do something else that is good.

Was it Mr. Charles Reade or Mr. Wilkie Collins who requested the journals that noticed his novel not to describe his plot? At all events, Mr. Charles Collins leaves "The Bar Sinister" to take its chance; and, indeed, it matters little. The story, like murder, will out. Reticence on the present occasion would be idle. The fact is, before the first volume is half finished, the reader who did not see precisely what was going to happen would deserve never again to be made miserable over fiction, but to be sentenced to ten years' penal reading of Alison's "Europe," with, for good conduct, a ticket of leave extending no further than Mrs. Chapman's "Letters" and the lighter passages of "Lardner's Cyclopaedia." To begin with, "The Bar Sinister" has a prologue. In this a young lady, forgetting her accepted lover, a Lieutenant Trelane, R.N., on the China station, makes a clandestine marriage with an Italian blackguard, who deserts her just as the lover returns home. The Lieutenant literally drowns his grief by joining Franklin's last North-western Passage expedition, which, it will be remembered, sailed in 1845. The young lady's husband is then proved to have a wife beforehand, and the young lady visits her aunt at Versailles, gives birth to a daughter, and dies. The aunt's husband dying also, the aunt adopts the little girl, and there is a certainty of this little heroine being heiress to a good sum of money. Eighteen years afterwards, in Paris, there is a Major Trelane, just come from India. He goes to Versailles, meets a young lady, protects her from a blackguard Italian, is severely wounded in her defence, is laid up at the house where she lives with an elderly lady, falls in love with her, and she with him. Of course, so! Who did not recognise the Major as the brother of the Lieutenant; and know that, however much the Major might hate everybody connected with the girl who had indirectly caused the death of his brother, that he would forgive everything, and that his family would do the same, for the sake of the lovely and accomplished Madeleine? The difficulties in the way are necessarily immense, or two volumes could not be filled with them. But what they are we shall not say, because the reader will like Mr. Collins's way of telling them, and will throughout sympathise with the deserving people, and speedily detect those whose conduct, like Madeleine's "bar," is "sinister." There are a brace and a half of very fair scoundrels, a thorough gentleman, and a pair of doctors, who are too good and humorous to stand a chance of being lifelike. With a few people, of whom nothing objectionable can be said, a sufficient working variety of characters is made up, and a good vital complexion secured. There is much work done on the road, the Major doing much journeying in pursuit of Madeleine, accompanied by a doctor's assistant, who is very cleverly drawn. There is a duel scene, ending with decided originality; and the death-bed scene of a consummate scoundrel, who is naturally forgiven by all the virtuous people. Throughout there is no want of incident, and so the reader gets along quickly enough; although, as we have said, the real story is known from the beginning, and dozens of pages are wasted in needless repetitions.

*Reynard the Fox in South Africa; or, Hottentot Fables and Tales.* By W. H. I. BLEEK, Ph.D. Trübner and Co.

That the Hottentots should have any literature will surprise most readers, but that, if they should have any, it should be of the fable kind, is easily to be expected. The present volume is chiefly translated from original manuscripts in the library of Sir George Grey, who appears to have suggested the work to Dr. Bleek before departing for New Zealand. It is amusing enough, fables being ever interesting, and these the more so from a certain air of the grotesque. The lion and the jackal are always walking together, shooting with bows and arrows, &c., and the lion is generally the sufferer, although he is very often in the right. But, in societies less civilised than those of Fall-mall, some credit will always be given to artful sagacity over nobleness and justice. The range of the animal creation of the Hottentots is necessarily limited, but as far as they go the animals display much worldly wisdom and craft, and much of it is undoubtedly due to the Hottentots themselves. Some of the pages, however, are as undoubtedly sifted out from our missionaries.

*The Lillingstones of Lillingstone.* By EMMA JANE WORBOISE. Virtue Brothers and Co.

Many young readers must be acquainted with previous tales of Miss Worboise—"Lottie Lonsdale," "Married Life," and others. The good sense and feeling which characterised those stories are again conspicuous in "The Lillingstones," wherein young ladies especially are soundly lectured in the pleasantest possible manner. They are taught their duty to parents, and to their lovers; but, if the characters transgress occasionally, their punishments come upon them with a far gentler spirit than used to be the fashion in the severe story-books of the pre-Edgeworthian period. The Lillingstones are a wealthy and proud country family—a pleasant set of people, who talk heartily and discuss their favourite poets. But the father dies suddenly, and they are found to be ruined. Here the characters are tried in the crucible of something like adversity, and from their eventual fortunes various morals may be deduced. For instance, Milly, who is willing to do anything, but who is awkward and manages to spoil everything, strives to improve, succeeds, and finally marries her rich, handsome cousin, Eric, and so becomes the Lady of Strathallan. Bertha, who is intensely worldly, throws off her first love and marries an honest,



